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THE NEW

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

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MR. HORNER'S DILEMMA

THE slanging match between the President and the General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers brings into the open a struggle for power which for two years has been going on behind the scenes. The Communists control the Executives of both the Scottish and the Welsh Regions; and in other areas they have won a number of the official positions in the Lodges out of all proportion to their membership. The anti-Communists, led by Mr. Sam Watson and by Mr. Bowman, have been trying for some time to oust them.

This struggle had little effect on the output of coal so long as the Communists were leading the production drive, as they had been ever since Hitler attacked Russia. At Grimethorpe, ironically enough, it was Communists, anxious to force the pace, who set the enlarged stint which caused the strike. But the Cominform line has switched and the Communists have ceased to be Stakhanovites. Though as yet there is no evidence of sabotage or deliberate go-slow, organised under Communist leadership, it is probably true that one of the reasons why output is less than hoped for this autumn is the changed attitude of the Communists in the N.U.M.

The new Moscow line has put Mr. Arthur Horner in a highly embarrassing position. No one can dispute either the notable part he has played in the production drive or the sincerity of his Communism. In the past his independence as a Communist leader has brought him into conflict with Moscow, where "Hornerism" used to be a recognised deviation. But his party loyalty is unswerving, and it faces him with an acute dilemma. Moscow calls for an all-out attack on the Marshall Plan and the Labour Government; his position as General Secretary demands an active leadership in the effort to combat absenteeism and to reach this year's very modest output target.

It may well be that for this reason Mr. Horner deliberately chose the issue of the French miners' strike to force a show-down. It was an opportune moment since, just when he was making his speech in Paris, the N.C.B. and the N.U.M. in London had begun, at Mr. Gaitskell's request, discussions on how to deal with the serious lag in output. Mr. Horner knows that his dispute with Mr. Lawther will not help production. It must end either in a patched-up truce under which his position and that of his fellow-Communists is strengthened, or in his own resignation. Resignation would free him from a dual loyalty, very trying to a man of his character, but it would produce a crisis in the coal mines with serious effects on output.

Certainly he has faced the Executive of the Union with an ugly choice. It is beyond dispute that he had no right to say what he did in Paris, despite the resolutions of support for the French miners passed by the Executives of the Scottish and South Wales regions. But international solidarity is a real force among miners; and many who are not Communists instinctively dislike the idea that the coal which they hew is being shipped to France during a trade dispute in that country. To that extent they sympathise with Mr. Horner. Political issues like the Marshall Plan are remote and arguable: solidarity is an immediate and spontaneous feeling. Mr. Horner therefore has chosen his ground skilfully, and to defeat him it will not be sufficient to denounce the C.G.T. as Communist-controlled and the strike as Communist-fomented.

The issue, of course, is not confined to the coal mines. In many other Unions a decision has to be taken whether to deal with the Communists by a frontal assault, or whether discretion is not here the better part of valour. Which way the decision goes depends on the answer to one question: have the Communists in the Unions made up their minds to attempt active sabotage of the production drive in addition to the strictly political campaign against the Labour Government which is now being conducted by the *Daily Worker* and Communist politicians? So far they do not seem to have taken this step. They have ceased to be Stakhanovites, but they have not become wreckers. The British working-class has no desire to lose its considerable gains, and it is well aware that industrial action by the Communists would endanger them. Nevertheless, if an order were given by Moscow (as perhaps it has been) to add industrial "go slow" to the present campaign of political propaganda, many Communists would try to carry it out.

If that happened, there would be nothing for it but to take up the challenge inside the Trade Unions. But no responsible leader will wish to provoke the conflict, if it can be avoided, or to widen it, as long as it can be kept within narrow bounds. Witch-hunts, once started, never stop at the people at whom they are aimed, and in the Trade Union movement, where solidarity is everything, they are bound to have harmful consequences in the short and long run. The British Communists are relatively few in comparison with the numbers in other Western countries, not excluding the United States. But they are strong enough in an all-out struggle to have a considerable effect on production.

If a head-on collision, therefore, has got to come, as a consequence of the new policy dictated from Moscow, the Trade Union leaders should make sure that all the provocation comes from the Communist side. This is a struggle which can certainly be won—at a cost—if it is forced upon the Movement. But that is no reason either for provoking it or for stumbling into it unawares.

An Irish Stew

The decision of the Eire Government, which now appears irrevocable, to scrap the External Relations Act is of concern to Britain, not only because of the difficulties it may create within the Commonwealth, but also because of its effect on the Commonwealth's relationship with the outside world. Superficially the Act does not amount to much. It merely recognises the King as the titular head of Eire for certain diplomatic purposes. But in doing so the Act provides a tenuous link with Britain, and hence with the rest of the Commonwealth, which can be made to justify the present special treatment accorded to Eire and her citizens. Without it, Eire's citizens, by British law, would be formally aliens. To

travel to England they would require passports; to work here they would need permits. An Eireann doctor who wished to practise here would meet the same obstacles as, say, a French doctor—and so would Eireann barristers and other professional men. To-day money can be freely sent from this country to Eire by citizens of that country. Although still in the sterling area, the fact that Eire had become a juridically foreign country would entail the establishment of irritating financial controls. Eire citizens would be prevented from entering the Armed Services of Great Britain. Imperial Preference accorded to Eire would vanish. The Ministry of Food might even have to reconsider its plans, on a Commonwealth basis, for the development of the Irish poultry industry.

It may be said, these are only paper difficulties which can be overcome by the making of special treaties to grant exceptional privileges to Eire and her citizens. Unfortunately it is not so easy. Britain has been able, in the eyes of the world, to treat Eire as a special case precisely because of the External Relations Act which gave colour to the suggestion of common citizenship—hence the special provisions for Eire in the new Nationalities Act. If common citizenship lapsed, there would be no adequate argument against any other country, outside the Commonwealth, which might wish to send its nationals here or to demand preferential trade agreements. More than that, Great Britain has in the past successfully resisted attempts of nations to unite economically, where the result would be harmful to Britain. The argument has been that the proposed groupings would become exclusive "closed shops" for trade, and that, as distinct from the British Commonwealth, there was no common citizenship to justify such arrangements. Consequently, to permit a special relationship with a foreign Eire would be to make it difficult for Britain to oppose exclusive arrangements elsewhere.

It is to the credit of the British Government that in these circumstances they have not been tempted to threaten Eire with the strict, logical consequences, but are instead striving to find some way out in amity. If Eire is to have a special status, then there must be some special formal link. If it is not to be the Crown, then possibly it could be some recognition by Eire of dual nationality—Irish in Eire, British in the Commonwealth. It hardly matters what the formality is, provided that there is one. And the sooner all concerned can devise one that will enable Members that do not wish to recognise the Crown to function as Members of an organisation in which, in the eyes of other Members, the Crown remains the symbolic head the better it will be for the life and vigour of the Commonwealth.

Is There a Way Out?

Despite the obvious reluctance of the six "neutral" Powers in the Security Council to endorse a "Western" resolution on Berlin which the Soviet delegate will automatically veto, it looks as though a vote will be taken by the end of this week calling upon the U.S.S.R. to lift the Berlin blockade. It is obvious from Mr. Vyshinsky's attitude, and from the latest steps taken by Marshal Sokolovsky to tighten the ring round the German capital, that on this particular issue, taken in isolation, the Soviet Union is not prepared to make any concession whatever. Since the Western Powers, in turn, have now declared that they are not prepared to enter into any further negotiations in respect to Germany so long as the Berlin blockade continues—and, even if the blockade were temporarily suspended, duress would still be implicit in Russia's ability to re-impose it at any moment—deadlock would seem to have been reached. Can it be broken? Only, we suggest, by the Western Powers making an approach to the U.S.S.R. on much wider lines. In a speech last Thursday to the National Union of Manufacturers, Mr. Bevin rightly said that, if positive agreement with the Soviet Union on particular problems was out of reach, the issue that had to be settled was "Can we live together?" The basis for a *modus vivendi*, he suggested, was that both East and West should "keep on their side of the garden wall." This puts the basic question in its proper perspective. Germany may be the immediate, but it is not the only point of friction: there are equal dangers of an East-West clash in a struggle for power in the Middle and Far East. The immediate aim should be to come to an agreement about spheres of influence; this involves the knowledge that aggression over the agreed frontiers would mean war. Russia would cease giving revolutionary "directives" and America would agree to withdraw from potential bombing bases on the periphery of the Soviet Union. It might be then possible to lay the basis for an ideological truce in which the German problem would be less intractable.

The First Year's Share-out

Although clearly a little of the "pushing and prodding," of which Mr. Dewey has promised more vigorous doses, was needed to produce an agreed recovery programme for the year ending next June, it is a tribute to Western Europe's sense of unity in common difficulties that the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation has been able to reach agreement on the distribution of the first instalment of Marshall Aid. The final allocations show no appreciable divergence from the figures already published; and the main question which Parliament will have to consider is how far British interests are safeguarded in the provisions now formulated for inter-European payments. Britain, like Belgium, is certainly asked to make a big contribution to European recovery. She is to pass on to Europe—mainly to France—nearly a quarter of her Marshall Aid in the form of unrequited sterling exports, and is also to release European sterling balances to the value of over 200 million dollars. If France and other recipients use these British credits unproductively, or send us in return unnecessary luxury goods and utilise exports, which we should like to receive, simply to obtain additional imports from countries which require cash payment, the scheme will be a bad bargain for Britain. It is also not yet quite clear how far the released sterling balances may not ultimately find their way into the hands of countries who can use them to call for gold from us; indeed, if the new "realignment" of the French franc is a prelude to further devaluation and continued economic confusion in France, we may have cause to rue the inter-European payments agreement on which Washington insisted. Both Britain and Belgium have decided—and we do not quarrel with the decision—to stake heavily on the chances of Western European recovery. Both countries might have done so more cheerfully had it not been for the fact that, under American pressure, they have had to agree to Bizonia making a singularly small contribution to the Western European pool (even the agreement on paper for delivery of German scrap is unlikely to be fulfilled) and taking out of the pool scarce dollars for every ton exported to European countries.

The Battle for the Negev

Has yet another opportunity for firmly settling the Palestine problem been missed? The murder of the mediator made his plans for a final solution a solemn testament; and when Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin gave their unqualified support to the proposals as a whole, it looked as though the United Nations Assembly would speedily arrive at an almost unanimous recommendation. Unfortunately, despite British pressure, Palestine was not put first on the agenda; precious weeks have been wasted and the mood of acquiescence dissipated. Simultaneously—as was inevitable, in the present relations between Mr. Truman and Mr. Marshall—American resolution began to weaken; and finally the Tel-Aviv Government felt strong enough and obtained sufficient provocation from the Egyptians to create a *fait accompli* in the debatable area of the Negev. This waste land, which comprises over half the area of Palestine, was allocated to Israel in the first partition plan; but Bernadotte had proposed that it should go to the Arabs in exchange for Western Galilee, which the Jews have conquered since last November. In the earlier fighting, Farouk's armies had pitifully failed to overrun the scattered and almost defenceless Jewish settlements in the Negev, despite the use of heavy artillery, tanks and light bombers against them. They remained therefore as a set of Jewish strong points far behind the Egyptian headquarters at Gaza, where the Mufti's "government" has been ostentatiously installed by Farouk as an indication to Abdullah that, whatever happens, Trans-Jordan will not acquire this part of Palestine. Exploiting this dispute between his enemies, Ben-Gurion last week launched an offensive against the main Egyptian army, and justified it by the need to keep the supply lines open to the Negev settlements. When the Security Council issued its cease-fire order last Tuesday, the Egyptian Army had been routed and Gaza itself was about to fall. Thus the cease-fire threatened to snatch a military victory from the Jews, who are now showing as little respect for the mediator and his staff as they once displayed to the Mandatory Power. There is still time for the Assembly to adopt the Bernadotte Plan. But Wednesday's regrettable decision to postpone debate renders it the more likely that the issue will be decided by force.

Anglo-Yugoslav Trade

In view of the supreme importance, both for Britain and other Western Union nations, of developing East-West commercial relations, it is good news that, barring a last-minute hitch, the signature of an Anglo-Yugoslav trade agreement is likely. The stumbling block in the protracted negotiations in London with the Yugoslav trade delegation had been the amount of compensation to be given to British owners of industries now nationalised in Yugoslavia—notably the Trepca mines. This, we believe, has now been overcome by agreement on a global figure of the order of £4 millions, of which something like ten per cent is to be paid during the currency of the short-term trade agreement now proposed. (The Yugoslav Government, it should be borne in mind, has a counter-claim to assets still frozen in London to the value of at least £500,000.) The trade agreement, we understand, is to cover a period ending in September, 1949, and is to provide for the exchange of about £15 millions' worth of goods. The main British purchase will be timber, together with small quantities of meat and poultry, eggs, fruit and tobacco. On the other side, the Yugoslavs will buy machinery, oil, raw wool, cotton yarn and other textile materials—goods which they might perhaps, a year ago, have looked to the U.S.S.R. to provide. During the next twelve months it is proposed to conduct further negotiations with a view to an extended and enlarged trade agreement; from the present pact, it will be noted, two important commodities—steel on the one side, maize on the other—are excluded. Apart from the mutual advantage to both countries of increased commerce, British creditors of Yugoslavia will be anxious that a basis should be laid for still wider commercial exchanges, since the ability of the Yugoslav Government to pay off quickly the compensation now agreed will clearly depend on the volume of sterling exchange accruing from trade.

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COMMONWEALTH REALISM

Up till now the Commonwealth has jogged along on a comfortable, informal basis. There have been advantages in belonging economically to the same Club; and the Dominions have enjoyed the protection of a Commonwealth Navy, the bulk of whose cost was met by Britain. Apart from these material advantages, the main binding force has been the sentimental emotion evoked by considerations of the past. For New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and half of White South Africa, Britain has always been "home," the starting point of their lives as separate nations. That deeply held feeling has made possible the most remarkable demonstration of unquestioning alliance among a group of free nations that the world has ever seen. For the most part, treaties have been unnecessary to secure approximately common action. Arrangements, exceptional between nations, have always been made as a matter of course on such vital matters as trade and defence. Wars have found the countries of the Commonwealth united, and in the economic calamities that follow wars they have remained anxious to help each other.

An organisation which contains so much good fellowship, so often translated into concrete aid, clearly has a powerful attraction for any nation which may be a member. Yet, despite the continued friendliness on all sides, the last thirty years have disclosed signs of strain which have become increasingly marked in the years since the war. Canada, under Mr. Mackenzie King, has felt more and more the gravitational pull of America. Valuing all the more her association with Britain, she has nevertheless been obliged to recognise that trade beckons her more frequently across the 49th Parallel than across the Atlantic. Hence Mr. Mackenzie King's coolness towards regular meetings of Commonwealth Ministers and his dislike of suggestions for inter-Commonwealth machinery. More serious, the Dutch element of South Africa no longer recalls or reciprocates the generosity of its British conquerors. To-day, in the ascendant politically, it openly flouts the Commonwealth conscience in its attitude towards its Indian minority. Indeed, the racial philosophy of its dominant, openly Fascist, group, is quite incompatible with any of the ideas for which the British Commonwealth does, on the whole, still genuinely stand. Australia and New Zealand remain loyal friends, but feel a trifle lonely in the Pacific, and their experiences of the last war are bound to make them query the wisdom of absolute dependence on Britain for defence.

Into this creaking but still strong organisation have now come three Dominions of the East. Their attitude is essentially different from that of the old Dominions. India, Pakistan and Ceylon are not conscious of any racial tie; indeed, an unsolved difficulty in the Commonwealth is the Australian colour bar. And, far from being in any sense children of Britain reaching maturity, they are in fact once conquered nations that have regained their freedom. It is, however, true that Labour Britain, with its progress towards democratic Socialism, takes the pattern which the new Dominions would themselves most like to follow. To be in association with such a country, and with New Zealand and Australia moving along similar lines, heightens the value of the connection.

But it does not, by itself, heighten the value enough. This is the real crux of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. Will the old Dominions carry their subconscious awareness of their own changing relationship with one another into the realm of conscious thought and action? Will they meet the demands of the new Dominions, and by satisfying them increase the stature of the Commonwealth and its value to themselves?

If the leaders of the new Dominions are to justify continued membership of the Commonwealth to their peoples, they must point to more tangible benefits than they can do at present. If the old Dominions are not to allow the Commonwealth to drift into amiable dissolution, they must re-vitalise it by matching spirit to a body. In its first week the Conference went well. The Dominions saw the need for a strong, non-Communist Western Europe, in which Britain would be an integral part and from whose recovery they would indirectly profit. The Eastern Dominions emphasised, however, that fighting Communism in South-East Asia means stressing the positive, constructive side of democratic progress, allied with local nationalism, rather than attacking the destructive aspects of Communism. All agreed, particularly the East, that the Commonwealth nations must do all they can to buy and sell from each other. All combined in admiration for Britain's struggle for recovery.

But this is talk, albeit satisfactory talk, not action. Somehow, if the Commonwealth is to evolve and not die of stagnation, a real edifice must be erected. First, an adequate and living means of permanent consultation between the Dominions must be established. To-day the Commonwealth Relations Office sends a telegram on any matter of importance to each Dominion. The Dominion Cabinet looks at it and sends a telegram back. In Downing Street the reply telegrams are carefully sorted out—New Zealand thinks this, Australia thinks that, Britain must now make a decision. This is splendid as a Gallup poll, but useless as consultation. Instead, the High Commissioners of the various Dominions in London should meet regularly, perhaps even once a week. All problems that may affect the Commonwealth should be discussed with them by British Ministers; differences must be argued out and compromises reached. The Prime Ministers should also meet once or twice a year, not always in London. With consultation always proceeding, their meetings need not be long.

Secondly, a machinery for settling disputes must be set up. An affair like Kashmir, for instance, when agreement between the parties concerned has become impossible, should be discussed by representatives of all the Dominions. If that fails to bring agreement, then a Commission composed of delegates of all the parties not directly interested should adjudicate. Refusal to obey the Commission's ruling would be incompatible with membership of the Commonwealth. Again, the Indian question in South Africa should be settled by Commonwealth machinery. If the Commonwealth is not strong enough to act in this fashion, then it is scarcely worth maintaining.

Finally, a method must be sought of meeting differing local wishes as to the form which membership of the Commonwealth should take. It would be nonsensical to lose the adherence of India because die-hards could not be satisfied with less than direct allegiance to the Crown of the kind adopted by the other Dominions. Perhaps a solution might be sought along the lines of an inclusive Commonwealth citizenship, and possibly of an "associate" type of membership of the Commonwealth which would permit the adherence of an Indian Republic.

With this structure accepted, all Dominions would have not merely vague, intangible motives for remaining in the Commonwealth, but powerful and expressible reasons. No one would be harmed, but all would gain in assurance. The bonds between the Members must be elastic; but, if they are too loose, the organism will cease to retain any coherence or reality.

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

I.—FABIANS AND ETHICAL SOCIALISTS

[This article is the first of a series in which a Labour M.P. analyses the theory and practice of British Socialism, with the aim of stimulating discussion on the party's electoral programme for 1950.]

When Labour goes to the country in 1950, a period of British Socialism will have closed. It is not merely that the Government will have put on the Statute Book all the proposals of "Let Us Face the Future." Much more important, the "doctrine" which lay behind them will have been worked out. To win the next election it will not be enough to draw up a list of industries ripe for nationalisation, to dress it up with a few attractive measures of social reform and to call the result an election programme. What we must do is to re-think our principles of action in the light of our experience since 1945, and to tell the country what we mean by Socialism.

At present there is a good deal of confusion throughout the Labour Movement. Theory and practice have drifted dangerously wide apart. Some Ministers, for instance, in the Cabinet, still look forward to a completely collectivised society, while there are others who believe that a mixed economy is essential if we are either to preserve democracy or to win the "battle of the gap." There is an equally sharp division on the way that nationalisation should be carried out. Some believe that we should continue to do it industry by industry; others, disliking monopoly and centralisation, are looking for more elastic forms of State ownership. When we turn to the unnationalised sector of the economy, there is the same sort of conflict between those who believe that raw material controls, price-fixing and food subsidies should become permanent parts of a Socialist system, and those who argue that such controls are clumsy war-time expedients and that real planning is compatible with a return to the price system.

These contradictions at the highest level have their counterpart in an anxious confusion among the rank and file of the Party. It is probably true that the Government's greatest achievements have lain not in its legislation, but in its emergency measures to meet the post-war economic crisis. But it must be remembered that these improvisations seem to contradict not only the policies, but the whole philosophy of the 1930s. Socialist thinking before the war was dominated by the problems of unemployment and under-consumption. But since 1945 the actual dangers have been quite different. Full employment has been maintained without the application, except in minor matters, of a Socialist employment plan. A Movement taught to believe that "capitalism solves problems of production: Socialism solves those of distribution" is now constantly adjured to help in a production drive and to face the problem of excessive purchasing power. The miner who believed that the chief virtue of nationalisation would be the introduction of a long-term plan to eliminate the evil principle of maximum production at all costs is now given his target for maximum production. The Socialist who denounced capitalist exploitation of the Colonial peoples now learns from Cabinet Ministers that the chief error of Tory imperialism was that it failed to exploit the resources of Africa.

There are sound reasons why in all these respects things should have been done since 1945 in defiance of the theories of 1935. But the average Labour Party member has not grasped them. That is why his Socialist conscience is uneasy. The practical politician who says that he cannot be bothered with theory or, alternatively, that it is dangerous to discuss it because it will cause disagreement, is making a grave practical mistake. The next election will only be fought with vigour and self-confidence if the Labour Movement is inspired by a new statement of Socialist doctrine, which shows clearly where we are going, and why and how we are going there.

British Socialism is a blend of three different doctrines, Christian or ethical Socialism, Fabianism and class-conscious Marxism. Each of us, of

course, as an individual, blends them in slightly different proportions. There are class-conscious Fabians, religious ethical Socialists, and Marxist Christians. But, broadly, the three types hold good. Though they often agree on immediate objectives, each has his own idea of the final end, and the way of achieving it. The Fabian, whose philosophy increasingly dominates the present Cabinet, bases his case for collectivism and, in particular, for the L.P.T.B. type of nationalisation, on grounds of efficiency, which he equates too easily with social justice. He dismisses ethical Socialism and Marxism as good fustian for a rousing peroration, and nothing more. To him the "abolition of the profit motive" is the same sort of hazy sentimentalism as George Lansbury's pacifism. In time, he thinks, the Party will grow out of it, just as in time it will learn that Marxism is a mixture of plain nonsense and antiquated truisms. The Fabian, indeed, is still obsessed by the cowardly muddle of the sentimentalists who led the 1924 and 1929 Governments. He argues with justice that it was Fabian blueprints and Fabian methods which enabled this Government to surmount the crises of the post-war years. He sees no doctrinal problem because he suspects all doctrine, particularly when it smacks of religion. The shade of Sydney Webb, who dismissed the pro-Boers as sentimentalists, smiles gleefully at Mr. Creech Jones's "realistic" policies in Palestine and Malaya, and Mr. Strachey's Groundnuts Scheme. "Do not follow the will-o'-the-wisp of doctrine," it whispers. "Get on with the job. We know already what efficiency and justice mean."

"But do we?" whispers the ethical Socialist. "By what standard should the efficiency of a nationalised industry be measured? By the profit yard-stick of capitalism? By the output per man-hour of Stakhanovism? Or by service to the community of Christian ethics?"

"But do we?" echoes the Trade Unionist, who finds that nationalisation has left the old management unchanged and who feels no breath of Socialist comradeship in the vastness of a public corporation.

"But do we?" comes the harsh voice of the class-conscious Marxist, who preached that Socialism would mean the transfer of power to the working class and finds that power resides in a remote and overpaid Board.

If the Labour Party is to speak with the voice of the people, it must realise that Fabian standards of efficiency and social justice are bleak and remote. The public corporation is now on trial, not in the eyes only of the nation, but of the Labour Movement. Conceived in a period when the main aim was to insulate a Socialised industry from the influence of the prevailing capitalism, it fits awkwardly into a planned economy. Under it, workers' participation in management seems to be more difficult to achieve than in a smaller unit under private enterprise. If the whole content of Socialist doctrine is found in the public corporation, then the people of this country will soon lose interest in Socialism.

How do we define efficiency? Do we seek to restore vigour to the non-socialised sector of industry? If so, we must pay some regard to the abused profit-motive, and stop describing the price system as capitalist economics. Do we aim at "the enforced social minimum," which the Webbs first laid down as the Fabian goal? If so, then that minimum must be clearly defined in terms of social services, rent restriction, food subsidies and utility goods, and made the first charge on the national income. What is more, we must do something about the burden of taxation. In an effort to fend off inflation, we are gradually pushing it back on to the shoulders of the poor. Is it Socialism to raise nearly a third of the revenue by taxes on tobacco and beer?

The ethical Socialist has right on his side when he voices these complaints. Fabianism has always lacked "soul," and its tidy blueprints, even if they satisfy Civil Servants and planners, will never inspire either the Labour Movement to win an election or the nation to step up production. But what does the Christian Socialist mean by "soul"? To contrast the beauties of the co-operative society with the evils of capitalism was good enough for the street-corner propaganda of pioneering days. But, as far ahead as we can foresee, public and private enterprise will exist side by side in this country. We cannot eliminate one and substitute the other, any more than we can remove the profit motive from the minds of either workers or business men. So long as the ethical Socialist refuses to come to terms with reality, the Fabian has the right to dismiss him as nothing more than a dangerous sentimentalist.

Of course there *is* something more in ethical Socialism. It has never forgotten, as some Fabians do, that Socialism concerns people as well as institutions. Changing people has been its aim, and State ownership merely one means to this end. Every new discovery of psychology and sociology confirms that the ethical Socialist is right about this. To talk of comradeship in the factory is not mere sentimentality, but good business. Workers who are encouraged to participate in management both earn and produce more than their colleagues next door who are merely bribed by incentive payments. People can be "socialised" without State ownership, as every Co-operator knows. And nationalisation does not automatically induce a spirit of public service. This admission may seem like heresy to the Socialist who thinks only in terms of collectivised institutions. But an election programme which takes it fully into account will make a great deal more sense both to the trade unions and to the Co-operative Movement than a set of blueprints for half a dozen new public corporations.

(To be continued)

DEWEY'S CAMPAIGN TRAIN

THIS has been an apathetic campaign. Neither of the two main candidates has captured the popular imagination. There is a strong feeling that the complex American electoral system has let the public down in the men selected. A second reason for apathy is lack of suspense. Governor Dewey is so certain of victory that he has virtually refused to debate the issues. The real swing to the Right in American public thinking took place two years ago. The votes on November 2 will confirm but add nothing to it. Indeed it may well be that, although the Republicans will strengthen their hold on the administration next month, the actual peak of the post-war reaction has already passed. Millions of independents and liberals are not bothering to vote this year, from sheer boredom and dissatisfaction with the unmagnetic and unfortunate Harry Truman, under whom the Democratic Grand Alliance of Roosevelt has dissolved like sugar in a teacup.

There is still considerable suspense on side issues although the race of the principals is virtually decided. One uncertainty is whether the Democrats will re-capture the Senate, giving the nation another period of divided government. There is a sporting chance for this under the complex electoral spstem. Senators serve six years, and only one-third of them come up at any one election. This year most of the Democrats are certain of re-election because they come from the Solid South, but many Republicans, on the other hand, come from undecided States. Another matter which is being watched closely is how far the political consciousness of the trade union movement is being roused. The slow shift of American labour into political as well as economic action is one of the most significant developments in the nation. It will be possible to make a test in selected constituencies.

Finally, a new series of political groupings is apt to occur after the election. America's two great political parties, representing a nation the size of a continent, are always coalitions. The Truman Democrats have lost their Right and Left wings, and are badly disorganised. The Right wing, the "Dixiecrats" of the South, are reactionaries in domestic affairs but internationalists in world matters. They are running their own presidential candidate. For almost the first time since the Civil War many Southerners have the choice of two parties. One great question is whether this development is permanent.

On the other side, the extreme Left-wing and Communist branch of the Democrats has split off independently under Henry Wallace. It is now generally expected that the Wallace vote will be smaller than previously supposed, and its strength still seems to be slipping. Instead of 5,000,000 votes, my judgment would place the Wallace total at around 2,000,000 or under. For the total of 50,000,000 votes expected this is negligible, though it might be decisive as a balance of power in certain cities, notably New York. The Communist influence in the Wallace party and the candidate's relentless opposition to the Marshall Plan run strongly counter to national sentiment.

President Truman has pitched his campaign on a liberal note that could make the parent Democratic party, if continued, almost a Labour Party. There is considerable response from many unions on this basis. But there are two great handicaps in the way. First of all, Mr. Truman is not an inspiring leader, and it is hard to get prosperous workers who have little class consciousness to exert themselves in an obviously hopeless race. The second reason is more deep-seated. Until fairly recently, American unionism has not been politically conscious in the European sense. The energy of the great trade union leaders has gone into the struggle for survival and economic gains. In recent years the trade union movement has quintupled in membership, from 3,000,000 to 16,000,000, and it is much more strongly entrenched. Now comes a new generation of trade union leaders, like Walter Reuther of the big CIO-United Mine Workers union, who feel the need for political as well as economic action. The question is whether the new alliance between the trade unions and the Truman wing of the Democrats party is wedlock or a passing "affair."

Americans are going to put Truman out and Dewey in for two main reasons: they are tired of the Democrats after 16 years of accumulated resentments which build up toward any party, and they want an administration that can govern. The reasons are as simple as that, I think, though there are a dozen other factors. I doubt if the Democrats could elect even Roosevelt himself this year. Truman has been a faithful, if rather commonplace, public servant, and is likeable and friendly; but he has seemed too little for the job. Dewey is certainly more conservative than Truman, but many voters reason that it is better to have a moderate conservative who can get things done than an ineffectual liberal who can't.

Governor Dewey is a rather curious-looking man. He is the successful American executive type. He is short, youngish and carefully groomed. His cheeks have dimples, and his smile, which is continuous while he is on the campaign platform, sometimes seems to fall just short of being arch, winsome and rogueish. He was a small town boy who was trained as a singer and then turned to more prosaic and profitable law. His baritone voice is beautifully modulated and fondles and caresses an audience, producing applause almost at will. Critics have called him cool, efficient and ruthless, and an unkind wit likened him and his little moustache to the groom on a wedding cake. It was said of him by his enemies in earlier days, unfairly no doubt, that you really had to know Dewey well to dislike him.

He has mellowed and grown a great deal since those days. It would be unwise to underrate him. Compared to some of the Neanderthal Men who are members of his own party in Congress, and who have been blocking President Truman's reasonable requests for reform, Governor Dewey almost seems like a radical. Some Republican Tories regard him as Distinctly Dangerous. He is conservative, but gives every indication of being intelligent, and the men around him are intelli-

gent. The formidable Col. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* loathes him—which is a high compliment. As Governor of New York, the largest State in the union, Dewey won a reputation for decimal point efficiency; he achieved important, forward-looking measures, and he showed skill and adroitness in dealing with his legislature—a skill that may be strained to the breaking point in dealing with the next Congress, even if it has a big Republican majority.

Governor Dewey has made one extremely important pronouncement on world affairs. He was speaking on October 1, in the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, a domed structure without central supports that has not a nail in it and was put together with pegs and thongs. This address was made consciously with the idea of letting the world know what he would do as President. The most important feature in it was the emphasis on a United States of Europe. The most important word in it was "prod." I happen to know some of the things that went in and were left out of this speech. Western Europe may view the idea with mixed emotions. What Dewey certainly means is that he will use Marshall Plan money as a big stick to prod E.C.A. countries toward a unified Europe.

There is some irony in this for those Europeans who have deplored American "imperialism" and urged a coalition of Western democracies to hold America and Russia equally at bay. Americans do not think of themselves as imperialists; they see themselves co-operating with Ernest Bevin on a joint foreign policy. I can say with confidence that Dewey is irked that Britain has not taken a stronger lead in the hoped-for "U.S. of E." There can be no doubt of Dewey's full intention, for better or worse, to use economic pressure to achieve what he publicly demands, "a unified Europe—a strong Third Power devoted to the cause of peace." As to the Ruhr, he would demilitarise it, start it to work, "put it under international control, and see that it serves the needs of a great European federation." That is the man whose views are already influencing American foreign policy and who will almost certainly be President after January 20.

Campaign Train, Oct. 15. RICHARD STROUT

A PARIS DIARY

"WHAT'S the use of gaoling a few butchers?" said a Gaullist, pointing contemptuously to the headlines announcing the successful prosecution of black marketeers. Patient advocates of the Third Force reacted very differently. These "butchers" were important criminals, and the psychological effect of dealing sternly with black marketeers may be great. Politics to-day are "the politics of meat." If the prices of meat and textiles and a few other essential and sky-rocketing goods can be pulled forcibly back, there will be new hope for democratic government—particularly if the democrats are wise enough to admit that de Gaulle has been right in criticising a constitution into which they wrote a weak Executive and a fixed-tenure Legislature. (A successful Third Force Premier must have power to ask for a dissolution in a parliamentary deadlock.) It is argued, too, that de Gaulle's stock has fallen as a result of unconstitutional speeches and his use at Grenoble of thugs imported from Marseilles. M. Queuille, a dapper little politician, in and out of many Governments, but hitherto notable only in local politics, seems to have sense and integrity; anyway, he has already done far more than more flashy figures, like Reynaud. The railway strike has fizzled out. If the miners go back to work, then people will say that M. Moch can manage the job without de Gaulle. The Socialists may even refrain from bringing the Government down on some more or less irrelevant and trivial issue. In that case the crisis will be averted for some months. And who can look more than a few months ahead in French politics to-day?

That is the most optimistic view. More commonly de Gaulle is regarded as "inevitable." It is hard to estimate how many people really believe in him. After all, it is not everyone in France who has forgotten, as we seem to have done here, that the General was actually in office for two years after the war and proved himself a singularly inept politician. The Gaullists with whom I talked were not in the least enthusiastic for him; they were merely frightened of Communism and in despair about political democracy. A well-known Socialist now working for de Gaulle asked me what other political party, apart from the Communists, knew how to use the services of eager and able people who wanted to do things for France and not merely to play politics? One Gaullist, who had been in a concentration camp during the war, explained quite simply that her only reason for supporting de Gaulle was that he was the safeguard against a Russian invasion of France. France, she said, had to have a spectacular figure-head. As for the economics, the General would soon find someone to look after all that. This, I suppose, is also the view of the young men who sold me copies of *Le Rassemblement* on Sunday morning on the Champs-Elysées. They are probably real enthusiasts who respond to nationalist propaganda and are thrilled with talk of reviving the ancient military glories of France and who, like Malraux (a freebooter now, as he was in Spain) see in the General's appeal mainly a great adventure. *Le Rassemblement*, with its smart cartoons ridiculing middle-of-the-road politics and articles promising nearly as much as Hitler did, is a clever production which appeals to the young. No doubt it also appeals to army officers. But if Frenchmen could once be convinced that Communism is not a serious threat, and that the Third Force could keep it in check and save France from economic chaos, I should judge the Gaullist sympathies of the older generation would rapidly evaporate. France has had enough Bonapartism, and General de Gaulle thinks in the most old-fashioned terms of national and military glory. Most Frenchmen are well aware that a huge army and a military budget are quite incompatible with French recovery. Grandiose speeches about Jeanne d'Arc will not persuade the peasants to pay their taxes, or even to send milk and butter to Paris.

* * *

How strong are the Communists? Strong enough efficiently to exploit the rise in prices. There is a tendency among officials and also, I think, among Socialist leaders, who are not much in contact with the workers, to underestimate the difficulties that a miner, for instance, has in living on his wages. They point out that many workers have friends and relatives among the peasants who send them food parcels, that inflation hits hardest the small *rentiers* and pensioners, old people, teachers and civil servants. Even if this is granted, it remains true that, on economic grounds, the strikes are fully justified. It is for that very reason that the Communists are able so successfully to organise them. In their strategy, the strikes appear to follow a pattern. In 1947 a general strike failed. In 1948, the method is rather to organise spasmodic strikes in particular industries, in the hope of gaining wage increases, adding to Communist prestige and power, opposing the "Marshallisation" of France, and persuading the bourgeoisie to see that it cannot govern successfully as long as the largest French party is excluded from office. The immediate objective is to obtain some share, even though a small one, in the Government. The President, M. Vincent Auriol, proposed some weeks ago to strengthen the Government by including two Communists in the less important Ministries. It has been stated in the American press, and I can confirm the point, that the President's intention was defeated by a blunt intimation from the United States that France would no longer qualify for Marshall Aid if there were Communists in the Government. The effect of recent events has been greatly to toughen the Communist Party. I hear that able and widely respected national figures like Duclos and Thorez are falling into the background, and that Marty and the most extreme and violent Communists now have a deciding voice. In some places they adopt terrorist tactics to coerce workers of the *Force Ouvrière*.

* * *

Superficially, but I think only superficially, the French situation is very similar to that of Brüning's Germany. An economic crisis is accompanied by a violent political and class struggle; middle-of-the-road governments seem unable to cope with a situation out of which dictatorship of some sort seems inevitable. A large Communist Party is made to appear by Right-wing, as well as by its own, propaganda much stronger than it really is; a dictator waits his moment in the background, while his followers conduct a violent anti-democratic as well as anti-Red campaign and seek, when they can, to carry the fight with the Communists from the newspapers on to the streets. Will this end in France as it did in Germany? Much depends on the Americans, now the final arbiters in French politics. It is generally believed that, while the present Harriman régime has supported Schuman and the Centre parties, a Dewey-Dulles policy would favour de Gaulle. They have doubts about supplying France with arms because in war they would quickly fall into Russian or at least into Communist hands; but, they argue, the danger is less with de Gaulle than with any of the alternative governments. Of course, if de Gaulle were unwise enough to attempt any kind of *putsch*, he might fail. But it seems unlikely that he will run any such risk. If the Gaullists do well in the *Conseils* elections, they may make life hard for any democratic government, and demand Ministerial office for the General. In that case, unless M. Vincent Auriol is made of very stern stuff indeed, he may reluctantly find himself playing the role of Hindenburg, which de Gaulle too obviously assigns to him. Once constitutionally in power, the General would run true to type. Even if there were no "Reichstag Fire," there would be a general strike that would be sufficient excuse for the arrest and suppression of democratic as well as Communist leaders. France would be saddled with Fascism; at the head would be a militant dictator, surrounded by adventurers and schemers.

* * *

This is the course of events that seems most probable. But the parallel with Germany is false. While the German economic crisis was deep-seated, French recovery has been remarkable, and production figures are still good. The natural balance of French economy remains unimpaired. Moreover, the French people are politically educated and experienced. Even if for a time they do accept de Gaulle—and it is by no means sure that he will come to power—it will not be because they believe in his doctrine or fall for any nonsense about Jews and the world superiority of the French. Three great wars have destroyed French militarism. To the French, divided into two almost equal forces, external war is as impossible as civil war is probable. For the individual Frenchman the choice is tragic. Communism might have succeeded without bloodshed—as many French Communists hoped—if Moscow had not decreed otherwise. As it is, one sees people desperately trying to make up their minds between impossible alternatives. It is no use saying that in such a situation they must decide not to be Communists or Gaullists; they may be forced, as we all may, to support one or other fanaticism for a time. But they will remain the heirs of a great tradition of culture, free thought and tolerance. They cannot wish France to be a satellite of Moscow or of the United States. You may meet groups of French men and women, joint members of the Resistance, who can agree on all the past, and who are unhappily deciding to separate in the future. It is as if two friends climbed together to the top of a mountain and then decided to take different paths. One step away from each other, and a mountain is between them. But because they have been

friends, and remain, at heart, of the same country and of the same tradition, they will not always remain enemies, and they could again unite against a tyrant. CRITIC

A FAMILY AFFAIR

"Ye are the sons of the Blood and call me Mother still."

Britannia to her royal seat
The Commonwealth invited—
Those sisters, while they seldom meet,
Are by the Crown united;
The four Dominions white and free
It links with one another
In one big happy Family
Who call Britannia Mother.

But as around the Throne they stand
Each self-contained Dominion
Exchanges with the Motherland
A difference of opinion;
No longer as a sister brood,
Britannia's blood relations,
They speak for ampler nationhood
As separated nations.

All came of age at Ottawa
And all are independent,
But their Imperial Mamma
Claims each as her descendant;
Though each is mistress of her fate,
All equal with each other,
Each one might be an alien State
Did they not call her Mother.

Britannia to her kith and kin
Maintains a role maternal,
Though she proclaim them sovereign
In all affairs external,
But her allegiance they must grant
Or her prestige decreases,
Classed as an ex-Imperial Aunt
With four Imperial nieces.

In sundering the kindred tie
Her progeny resist her
(Though in emergency they fly
As Sisters to assist her)
And though she should approve the plan
It still is doubtful whether
A mother and her offspring can
Get on as girls together.

Involved in these unfilial scenes
Britannia it distresses
That they aspire to rank as queens,
Whom she has made princesses;
For, whether it be false or truth
That blood's more thick than water,
It's sharper than a serpent's tooth
To have a thankless daughter.

SAGITTARIUS

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Mr. Pearson forecast that during the lifetime of the present generation the whole method of cremation would be greatly simplified by the use of atomic power.—*Gas Journal.* (Howard Davies.)

One reason *Great Expectations* had to be classed an "A" film was that it happened to have a bed in it.—*Evening Standard.* (H. Murray.)

Another speaker told of boys who would only come to church if they could smoke and if tea were served halfway through the service.—*News Chronicle.* (J. Boram.)

The chief trouble is that the gentlemen who live in the Kremlin have not been brought up as boy scouts.—Lord Hampden, reported in *West Herts and Watford Observer.* (R. V. Sturgess.)

The Variety Artistes' Federation is making a protest to the Home Secretary against the law which prevents the imitation of bird calls on the stage on Sundays, but allows funny stories, provided the artist does not wear a hat.—*Daily Mail.* (H. Hopkins.)

The morals of British Railways were debated yesterday at a conference of the Scottish Council of Women Citizens' Association.

It was decided, however, that the arrangements in the third-class sleeping cars were not a danger to public morals, although a number of women were indignant.—*Sunday Express.* (A. Shaefer.)

THE U.S. AND THE WORLD—II.

[In the preceding article, last week, a Special Correspondent, analysing the economic situation of the U.S.A., suggested that risks of a future slump were inherent but were likely to be averted or postponed by remedial measures.]

As the giant of the Western world, the United States may do as she pleases within its confines; and this time—in contrast to 1929—her leaders appear to recognise the dangers of a slump following the present inflationary phase. But for the rest of the world of free enterprise, and especially for Western Europe, there remains unanswered one overriding question. Are the remedial measures such as the United States may be expected to take—and is already taking—compatible with the recovery and welfare of her clients and overseas competitors?

The United States could avert this slump, of course, by non-capitalist methods—by reducing profits, improving real wages, and controlling both prices and production. Yet for most Americans this would be to come perilously near Communism. The measures the U.S.A. will take will have to be in line with the principles and practice of free enterprise. This means such methods as the artificial stimulation of heavy industrial activity through rearmament, public works, and other Government spending; and, as unemployment in the consumer goods industries threatens to grow, the determined search for wider markets abroad. There will have to be a conscious effort (it could be observed a year ago) to find profitable uses for surplus capital by private investment in foreign countries.

One of the main weapons in this war for new markets will be found in the level of prices. Just as the high prices which reign for American food are a primary cause of Britain's indigence and incapacity to export enough to pay for essential imports, so in the same way the lowering of prices of American manufactured exports would drive the British (and other competitors) from markets they now hold. And it is precisely this move to lower prices for manufactured goods which must be expected. This explains why the British Government is now obliged to press for "cheaper exports"—and lower wages. As the Americans strengthen their hold on the commerce of the Western world, they will inevitably force the terms of trade increasingly to their advantage. Already they are paying for our imperial rubber and tin prices so low that British producers have a plausible case for paying wages which make labour unrest inevitable. In Malaya, for instance, one of the main reasons for present troubles is the wretchedly low wage paid to coolie labour. When this unrest flares up, it is the British, not the Americans, who send troops and shoot down the rioters. Much the same pattern of profit and obligation can be discerned in Indonesia and Indo-China.

Americans are often offended when the European Recovery Programme is described as something a good deal less than altruistic. No doubt they are right to feel offended, since the impulses with which the majority of Americans approved E.R.P. were of a generous and sympathetic order. Unhappily, few Americans will have considered the ways in which E.R.P. is now beginning to work out, or seen these from the less fortunate recipients' point of view. More and more, American trade and economic policies are becoming overshadowed with "counter-slump" preoccupations. Whether their negotiators know it or not, recent conditions tied to Marshall Aid can only be interpreted as a drive for widening American oversea markets. The new intra-European payments agreement, for instance, was presented as a device for raising the volume of trade within Western Europe (including Greece, Turkey, and the Western Zones of Germany). It seems likely to have the opposite effect. Why should France endeavour to increase her exports to Britain, for instance, so long as Britain is virtually obliged to write off any debts which France may run up here? Prudent European statesmen will now reduce their countries' exports to West European neighbours to the lowest point compatible with necessity: they would be silly to do anything else.

Another disadvantage of the new payments agreement—and one which seems no less improvident for Britain than the passing on to European debtors of an amount that is equal to about 40 per cent. of Britain's Marshall Aid—lies in the diversion of manufactured exports from oversea to European destinations. Now that we are obliged to export to France to the value of that country's debt with us (or else forgo Marshall Aid), we shall have less to send to South American and colonial markets. American goods, inevitably, will fill the gap. American exports will increase; European exports, taken as a whole, will diminish. The threatened slump in the export market, to that extent, will be passed on to Europe.

What is to happen when the Americans, looking for ways to invest the vast capital accumulation of these last few years, begin pouring money into the industries of Western Germany and Japan? One immediate effect will be to relax the pressure of inflation in the United States. Rather than over-capitalising industries which are already producing more than the present American economy knows how to distribute, American capitalists will send their super-profits oversea. They can get in on the ground floor—much as the Victorians, in other days, found the world at their feet. Early this year the Draper Mission for Japanese recovery (the same General Draper, formerly of Wall Street, who has worked so hard for German recovery) completed an advisory report in which it found, among other things, that "the United States, in its own interest, should assist in Japan's industrial recovery. Japan's industrial products are needed throughout the Far East . . ." Yet it so happens that valued markets acquired by the British since the war include the textile trade, formerly done by the Japanese, in places like East Africa. Is it so sure that Lancashire will be able to compete with Japanese textile labour equipped and run by American capital?

The process of investment has already made great strides. The year 1947, according to the United States Department of Commerce, brought the largest net annual increase in private long-term investment abroad since 1928. In contrast with 1928, moreover, when nine-tenths of investment abroad was in foreign government or private dollar bonds, nine-tenths of the 744 million dollars invested abroad in 1947 was direct investment by a comparatively few large corporations. And this, clearly, is only the beginning of invasion by investment.

Very soon, Western Germany, heavily encouraged by the Americans and the Marshall Plan, will make its bow in the steel and engineering markets. The Anglo-American level-of-industry plan of 1947, of course, provided that Western Germany should balance her imports by selling abroad the products of light industry. This, clearly, is now a dead letter. Already the German steel industry is producing at the rate of seven million tons a year—a rate of recovery deemed "fantastic" only a year ago—and it is evident that the "permitted level" of nearly 11 million tons will be reached long before the experts had thought possible.

If Mr. Hoffman has his way, there will be little or no more dismantling of industry: existing capacity, far larger than the Germans ever required for peacetime industry, will soon enable them to engage in vigorous competition. Who is to say that the German capitalists and their American partners will maintain wages at the British level, or that the Schachtian techniques of dumping will not be used again? What we are now about to witness, it would seem, is another "rationalisation" of German industry by American finance, just as in the 'twenties—with the significant difference that this time the Americans will have acquired permanent shares in the concerns they revive.

In an ideal world American wealth could not possibly hurt other countries. Even in the world we know, American wealth has done untold good (think of Unrra) and could in the right circumstances do as much or more again. Yet the basis of present and prospective American giving and lending is wrong. Faced with the prospect of falling consumption and surplus capital accumulation at home, the business men and bankers of America must find new room for commercial expansion or expect to break down; and, consciously or not, they are using their giving and lending as an instrument of expansion.

The conclusions seem inescapable. Left unchallenged and unmodified, the remedial measures to avert their slump that the Americans are now taking, or will soon take, can only have the effect of passing on this slump to countries less able to resist or support it. In the end, of course, this is not even self-interest, since a crisis in Western Europe means eventually a crisis in America. But Wall Street was never good at seeing much beyond its nose. As it is, Western Europe's defences are down. Nothing important is now being done to cushion the impact of American competition, whether directly from the United States or from American-financed industry in Germany, Japan, and elsewhere. Yet there are many things, immediate and practical, that the British and their friends in Europe might insist upon. Is it necessary to remain so defenceless that we are bound to inactivity, terrified, while the ground moves beneath our feet?

(To be concluded)

THE GOLD YUAN

(From a Correspondent)

In Shanghai three months ago £25 in local currency (C.N.C.) weighed approximately 20 lb. Now the same amount weighs less than half an ounce. No longer do tailors make pockets extra large to hold the small change, no more do the Chinese clerks take their suitcases with them on pay-day, or housewives actually go to market with empty shopping bags. These are the outward signs of that queer modern economic phenomenon called currency reform.

The Gold Yuan took China by surprise on the morning of the 19th August. There had been so many rumours of reform, and so many denials, that even the black market refused to take notice of impending events. The conversion rate of C.N.C. to G.Y. was fixed at 3 m.: 1. The exchange rate of G.Y. to the U.S. dollar was fixed at 4: 1. The resulting rate of C.N.C. 12 m. = $1 was considerably better than the black market rate. (For anyone ever caught in an inflation this is a very important point to note. When the money is finally stabilised, it is always stabilised at a lower value than the lowest value of the previous currency. If you know when the currency reform is to take place you can make a lot of money. Some people did very well, last August in Shanghai.)

The backing of the new currency is provided by Chinese Government gold, silver, and U.S. dollar holdings and certain nationally owned industries whose shares have been placed on the open market. The new notes, printed in 1945 but never used owing to the inflation, were put into circulation at once. Up till now we are still using C.N.C. notes for small change and it takes quite a little arithmetic to figure out just how to give a peddy-cabby 15 cents when all you've got are a few five hundred thousand notes. But gradually new ten and twenty cent notes are appearing, and so also—wonder of wonders—are metal coins. The ten and twenty cent denominations are nickel, but the Government has promised to mint 50-cent pieces containing 80 per cent silver. Just watch those disappear.

At the same time as the new money was issued, all prices and wages were frozen and now everything is under control. Or is it? Can the Gold Yuan hold itself at the 4: 1 level? Can prices be controlled? Nobody knows. Economically speaking the backing for new currency is sufficient. The budget of Kuomintang China could be balanced if war expenditure were left out of consideration. But it cannot be left out; and, although the Americans are spending money hand over fist, nobody believes that they will ever bear the whole cost of the war. So the big question is: Just how long will the Government be able to keep its itching fingers off the printing presses? And as there is little or no confidence in the Government, so there is little or no confidence in the new currency. Nevertheless, within Shanghai itself, the Gold Yuan has held itself for over a month; prices are more or less steady, and people have been bringing out their hoarded gold and U.S. dollar notes for conversion by the banks into G.Y.

The explanation is simple. The Gold Yuan is a reformed currency based on fear; and the man who inspires the fear is Major General Chiang Ching-kuo, the Generalissimo's son, who—to the utter surprise of the Shanghai business community—has been arresting leading business men and industrialists and has even shot one of them. He has also shaken the economic police and local garrison to such an extent that just for the moment they are working most conscientiously and have developed a surprising resistance against bribery. In fact, Chiang Jr. has turned Shanghai into a fairly efficient police State; and, in doing so, he has been adopting some of his avowed enemies' policies, and enforcing something very near the Communist line. His appeals to the workers and his talk of nationalising have already started rumours about his willingness to parley with the Communists and perhaps to form a coalition with himself and Mao Tse-tung at the head.

These rumours are reinforced by the fact that he is Russian-trained, has a Russian wife, and once, way back in 1927, accused his father of being a traitor to Communism. Much more likely, Chiang Ching-kuo is trying to swing the two million Communists in Shanghai over to a new radical wing of the Kuomintang party. It is very hard not to attribute ulterior motives to his sudden emergence on the political scene; but, whatever they are, he deserves credit for the remarkable achievement of wiping out one of the biggest black markets in the world in less than a month. Wiping it out in Shanghai, that is; and here we come to an important point. The currency reform and the freezing of prices are supposed to apply to the whole of China. In Shanghai they have been enforced, but the rest of the country is acting as if it had never heard of Major General Chiang Ching-kuo. In Canton prices have risen by 75 per cent since August 19th, in Tientsin they are over 100 per cent up, and it is the same story in Chungking and Hankow and other places in the interior. The result is that Shanghai is almost dead on its feet. Imports have been cut entirely; luxury goods may not be sold in Shanghai shops from October 1st. Chiang Jr. is under the impression that local factories have enough raw material stocks to last them three months. Therefore essential imports are unnecessary as well.

All that would be quite commendable if exports were moving out of Shanghai. But because prices in the interior are 100 per cent higher, and there is, as yet, no "black" exchange here to compensate for this increase, export, too, is quite impossible. So Shanghai, the city of plenty, is suddenly experiencing shortages. The peasants are suspicious of the new currency, and in any case the Shanghai merchant cannot buy at the higher prices the countryside wants, because he has to sell at the controlled price in Shanghai. So there's no pork, no chicken, and, worst of all, no gin—except by the backdoor on a dark night—at a price. How long are the people going to remain scared, and how long will the police be too afraid to accept a bribe? In Canton the G.Y. can be had at a 25 per cent discount; in Hongkong at a 50 per cent discount. In spite of the arrests and the special tribunals, it looks as if the Government had just knocked the noughts off in order to use up notes which had already been printed three years ago. Everyone knows that the really big fish (or "tigers" as the local spivs are called) are getting away with it again. If Mr. T. V. Soong and Mr. H. H. Kung would contribute to the Treasury, say, just a quarter of the money they have made in the last three years, perhaps people would have a little more confidence in the ability of the Central Government to hold the Gold Yuan where it is at the moment.

The currency reform could be a genuine effort to help China out of her economic mess. It could be the beginning of the death throes. (Police government is almost inevitable in the last stages of a lost war.) It could also be an attempt to show the next President of the United States that at least "we have been trying, but we need much, much more money to succeed." Whatever the motive, the combination of currency reform and Chiang Jr. has succeeded in reducing Shanghai's trade to a level as low as that obtaining during the latter part of the Japanese occupation. The only people sure of themselves and apparently confident of the future seem to be the Communists. By their early start of the autumn offensive and the swift capture of Tsinan they have shown just exactly what they think of the survival value of the Gold Yuan.

Shanghai, October 1.

NATURE IN REVOLT

The writing is there on the wall—not "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," but C=b: e. And it means much the same for the human race feasting like Belshazzar. It means that our kingdom has been numbered and that we have been weighed in the balance and been found wanting.

It can be argued that that equation is more dangerous to the human race than $E=mc^2$—Einstein's equation, which exploded as the atomic bomb—because (keeping one's fingers crossed) the atomic bomb may not again be used. But, if we ignore the writing on the wall, then, with certainty, disaster will overtake *Homo Sapiens*. Those three letters—C=b: e—form the warning which Sir John Boyd Orr and others have plainly given to the world, the warning of an increasing population pressing upon the wasting soil-resources of the earth.

"C" is the "carrying capacity" of any given area of land, whether it is a Highland croft or the whole land-surface of the earth; "b" is the "biotic potential," and "e" is "environmental resistance." The biotic potential is what the soil will yield in terms of living matter on which human existence and comfort depends—plants for food, for shelter and for clothing, whether in the form of cereals and vegetables, or of meat from the animals which process the plants for us, or of fibres, whether as wool, or cotton, or rayon; or of timber for our roof-trees. And environmental resistance is the refusal of Nature to co-operate, whether climatically or in revolt against Man and his abuses. If the resistance is greater than the potential, the result is famine and disaster.

By the turn of the century, it is estimated, the world's population will have increased to 3,000,000,000 dependent on the carrying capacity of about 3,000,000,000 arable acres throughout the entire world. What that means can perhaps be gauged by the present position of the United

Kingdom, where, as Sir John Russell pointed out at the British Association meeting, we are now reduced to about half an acre per head—a plot fifty-one yards square, or half the size of a football pitch. From that allotment, if we had no recourse to imports, we should have to produce all our food and all our clothes, and our boots and shoes, and our tobacco, and, yes, the cellulose for our films and our newspapers. As it is, with intensive cultivation, which bears comparison with the best in the world (even with Denmark and Holland) we can grow little more than half our food, let alone our other requirements. And we could never, by any stretch of the imagination, or of our resources, produce the breadgrains for our fifty million people.

So, if that is the best we can do by cossetting and coaxing our half-acre, how, allowing for wanton extravagence on the one hand and primitive cultivation on the other, is the world's population going to fare on one acre per head. Nor does that take into account the environmental resistance which may increase in the next fifty years, if we, in our insanity, go on encouraging erosion, not only in the form of "Dust Bowls" and marching deserts, but of bricks-and-mortar and tar-macadam. Sir John Russell has also pointed out that, of the four million acres which have been lost to cultivation in this country since 1891 (just a lifetime), one million has been swallowed up by our cities, arterial roads, airports, military training-grounds, and other "amenities" of our civilisation.

The warning is as valid for the American, clattering across the prairie in his combine-harvester, as it is for the African native scratching his thin soil with a mattock; for the city worker, complacent or complaining in his canteen, as for the Bengali groping for the scraps in the dustbin. It holds for the skyscraper-population of Manhattan as for the Zulu kraal. For we are all dependent on the living-soil and the temporary benefits of industrial civilisation deceive us into thinking that if we can take enough inert metals and minerals from the crust of the earth and convert them into gadgets, we can earn our dinner. (America has taken more of these from its own deposits in the past 50 years than had been previously taken from the crust of the whole earth since the beginning of time.) But we cannot eat gadgets, only the food for which they can be exchanged.

In *Road to Survival* (Sloane, 4 dollars) William Vogt puts that point as tellingly as he puts the hundred-and-one other challenges in that profoundly disturbing book. He draws a picture of the American farmer of a hundred years ago, who, on a moderate-sized farm, could support himself, his wife, five or six children, a hired man or two, and perhaps a few indigent relatives. They were virtually self-sufficient. Not so to-day. His successor, when he buys a car, has to help to support, from those modest acres, miners, metal-workers, railroad-workers, engineers, union officials, salesmen, rubber planters, oil workers, garage builders, traffic cops, ambulance men, and a host of others.

This book, which tears along like an express train with its whistle screaming, presents a horrifying picture of the havoc which is being wrought and of the revenge which Nature is taking. The landscape which flashes past is ravaged and the horizon is obscured by the dust which was once life-giving soil. The mountains are stripped of their forests, scoured into the rivers choked with useless silt which was once rich top soil.

The survey covers the world, but is the richest country on earth which provides the most staggering examples. The Dust Bowl and *The Grapes of Wrath* are almost minor incidents in the greater tragedy of "free enterprise." Mr. Vogt quotes Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, testifying before a Congressional Committee in 1939:

> In the short life of this country we have essentially destroyed 282,000,000 acres of land, crop and rangeland. Erosion is destructively active on 775,000,000 additional acres. About 100,000,000 acres of cropland, most of it the best cropland we had, is finished. We cannot restore it. It takes Nature from 300 to 1,000 years or more to bring back a single inch of top-soil, and we sometimes lose that much as a result of a single rain, if it is especially heavy. . . . We are losing *every day*, as a result of erosion, the equivalent of 200 forty-acre farms. We have lost that much since we met here yesterday. It is gone—gone forever.

Past the Capitol where he was testifying, where the "lobbies" of the lumbermen, the ranchers, the sheep-farmers, the water-interests, and all the other interests fight for the right to destroy the earth, the Potomac carries 5½ million tons of agricultural soil a year. In a hundred years it has carried down 75 tons of soil from each of the 7,400,000 acres which make up the drainage basin. "Small wonder," comments Vogt, "that the deep harbour into which came the ocean-going ships from seven seas has filled with silt and is now the site of the Lincoln Memorial!"

It is not just the soil. The water-table of the United States is dropping. Once vast forests clothed a continent and filtered the rain into the soil to feed the underground water-courses and the springs. The lumbermen destroyed them, and now the rain sluices into the rivers and into the sea. The story of Santa Clara Valley, California, teaches the lesson. Here artesian resources were tapped and by 1910 there were a thousand flowing wells, but in the meantime the forests had been stripped and the run-off was wasted into San Francisco Bay. By 1915, the position was serious. Pumping was still increasing, but the water-table was dropping five feet a year, until 1933, when it dropped twenty-one feet. By 1934, the pumping-lift was 165 feet. With the supporting water gone, and unreplenished, the valley floor sank five feet in twenty years. Buildings, pipe-lines, orchards, streets were damaged. When the salt water of San Francisco Bay began to seep back through the pumps, they decided to do something about getting rain-water back into the ground by proper forest-conservation measures.

There are few virgin areas left in the world which can come to our rescue as the opening up of the North American continent, Australia and the Argentine did in the nineteenth century to prove Malthus wrong (but only temporarily). Nor is there any direct answer like the fixation of nitrogen and the development of artificial fertilisers, which averted the threat of which Sir William Crookes warned at the end of the century.

There is no hope, for instance, in the tropical jungles, despite their luxuriant vegetation. There is very little soil; the vegetation flourishes abundantly on its own humus; but, tamper with the jungle, remove the umbrella, expose the soil to the sun and the tropical rains, and it evaporates. In Mexico the replacement of tropical forest by banana plantations brings death to the soil within seven years. It might be possible, by careful soil mechanics and development of special plant strains to do what the Russians have done and produce short-season crops in the far North, or do what the Jews have done in Palestine and recover the deserts. It is possible, if tackled on a big enough scale and on an international basis to arrest erosion and institute proper conservation. We can, and must, make a truce with Nature, not by invoking get-results-quickly technology and short-term measures which recoil, but by understanding the profound truths of ecology. Nature has its own pattern in which trees, insects, animals and the bacteria of the soil all play a part, and if that pattern is upset, Nature goes on strike. D.D.T., for instance, may destroy the tsetse fly and the malaria mosquito, but it may be at the price of destroying indispensable beneficial insects. Populations have in the past been kept in check by the ruthlessness of famine and disease. Medical advances are removing those checks. Babies live to marry and multiply; the span of life is being extended, but if this is not accompanied by voluntary restriction of birth or by massive measures to increase the yield of food and restore the balance between the biotic potential and environmental resistance, then there will be human erosion on a terrifying scale and for which no ideology will have the answer.

The political and economic consequences of this problem are dealt with in another important American publication, *Plowshares into Swords*, by Arthur P. Chew (Harper, New York), which discusses the agricultural basis of war. Both books are supercharged and overglib in their arguments, as Americans to-day are apt to be when they embark on geo-politics and geo-economics. Nevertheless, the facts they assemble and the provocation they offer are a resounding challenge to face the greater realities, which make the squabblings of Foreign Ministers sound like the jabberings on Monkey Hill.

And that is where we belong if *Homo Sapiens* cannot use the brains which distinguish him from the apes, and if, for the survival of his species, he cannot find the answer to the not-insoluble equation C=b: e. RITCHIE CALDER

NOTHING CAN BE NICER

"CAN anything in the world be nicer than a really nice girl?" asks Mrs. Humphry ("Madge" of *Truth*) in her book *Manners for Women* (1897). In this, and the companion volume, *Manners for Men*, Mrs. Humphry deals at length with social observances and problems ranging from "the direction of the tilt" of the soup-plate to the correct mode of addressing a Duchess. She writes ostensibly for the upper middle-classes, but we know as well as she that her books are really a Never Never Land peep for the servant-girl and the shop-assistant, a glittering day-dream in which the poor and imaginative can picture themselves at the Ascot Party (Côtelettes à la Connaught) or at Lords (Saumon à la Zingari) or at the Derby ("comestibles prepared at home"). Mrs. Humphry's present-day counterpart has to confine herself, such is the raciness of our times, almost entirely to marital disasters. ("Go back to him, dear. Buy a new hat, giggle at his jokes, be your old friendly self, the lovely girl of your courtship days. He will soon forget this other woman"). Not so Mrs. Humphry. Everything with her is, in the fullest sense, "nice," though the bicycling vogue allows her to say a word to "wheelwomen" on the dangers of "promiscuous acquaintanceship," and she also advises strongly against making friends when abroad, although "this need not hinder the manner from being pleasant and the tone genial."

Mrs. Humphry pays much attention to the correct method of laughing. "There is no greater ornament to conversation than the ripple of silvery notes that forms the perfect laugh." The latter can be acquired, Miss Florence St. John having learnt to laugh by singing "a descending octave staccato with the syllables "Ha, Ha!" Mrs. Humphry speaks with admiration of a laugh heard in the theatre ("from the stalls," naturally): "a single silvery note of musical mirth. . . . It was but one note—say E flat on the treble clef." Do not be dismayed if E flat is beyond your range: "there is in London society a lady whose beautiful voice is generally admired. She laughs on two soft contralto notes." "Ha, ha" seems to be the sound to aim at, thus avoiding "the shrill and attenuated 'He! He!" and "the double chuckle 'Ho! Ho!'" not to speak of "the coarse 'Haw-haw' of the uneducated." Mrs. Humphry runs out of aspirated aitches when trying to describe "the horrid luscious laugh of the man who appreciates a nasty innuendo." Laughter, E flat or otherwise, "defeats the spleen" and its "careful culture . . . should be attended to."

With our laugh diligently practised, we are ready for the dinner-party but first let Mrs. Humphry describe a table decoration of the period: the colour *motif* is pink.

> Down the centre . . . was a drift of rose-pink and silver gauze, in itself a delicious bit of colour and texture. It was bordered with long trails of smilax which passed under miniature arches of holly and mistletoe. In the centre of the table rose a small ivy tree, hung on all the branches with peals of tiny silver bells, which tinkled with fairy music at every movement of the guests. Trails of smilax hung from candelabra to candelabra, all down the

table, tied with pink ribbon, and the candles were shaded with pink. The small vases at the corners were filled with pink roses and brown ivy. . . . Pink-shaded lamps and baskets of flowers, chiefly pink tulips . . . tied with pink ribbons . . . stood at points of vantage through the room.

Settle at the table and, first of all, consult "the dainty little bill of fare" and make "a mental note of any favourite dish, so that it may not be refused." Converse with your neighbour ("does she paint, has she read the novel of the hour, does she bike?") but do be careful: "the viands must never be chosen as a topic . . . but if one knows a girl very well, one may ask, 'Do you like sweets?'" The bewhiskered must be wary: "it requires some expertness and practice for a man with a moustache to take soup in a perfectly inoffensive manner." "An occasional 'Thanks' to the servant is not amiss . . . I have observed that when a neat and pretty parlourmaid waits at table she is more likely to be thanked than a manservant. . . . I offer no explanation of why this should be so. I merely record the fact as I have noted it." "The mouth should be kept closed while mastication is going on," and remember that the skins of grapes "have to be expelled as unobtrusively as possible. . . . The forefinger is curved above the mouth in a manner which serves to conceal the ejectment."

In some of the matters of which she treats, the lead is given by the Royal family, and Mrs. Humphry appears to have been an accurate observer of the Court and of the Queen. "When listening to addresses or long speeches an expression of weariness, sometimes amounting to indifference and even apathy, occasionally settles down on the Royal countenance." There is a splendid understatement in the sentence: "the Royal disapprobation of cosmetics, hair-dyes, and other forms of insincerity in personal appearance is not veiled in any way." However, a droll mishap puts everybody in good spirits, and when a lady who caught her shoe in her skirt while curtseying "had to be carried from the Presence Chamber," there was much amusement, "a broad smile appearing on the Queen's own face, while the young princesses tittered irrepressibly, and the Princess of Wales bit her pretty lips. The Prince looked as if he longed to give one of his great guffaws" ("Ha, ha" one hopes).

"The humble omnibus," says Mrs. Humphry, "may be thought by some readers too democratic a kind of conveyance to be considered in a book on manners. Not at all!"

This vehicle used to be disdained by gentlewomen, but the wave of democracy that has of late swept over us has allowed us to perceive the utility of this among other cheap things. It may be a question if well-dressed women have really the right to occupy seats in these public vehicles to the frequent exclusion of the poorer sisters for whose convenience they were intended.

In certain respects "the wave of democracy" has gone too far. "At a theatre the underbred man is often in evidence, not only in the low-priced seats, but also all over the house. He has been seen—and heard—in private boxes." And even in the omnibus Mrs. Humphry considers that the underbred are too prone to brush against one and have no "delicate sense of self-respect." How easy it is to tell who is who: "though the fashionable manner inclines to a rather marked decisiveness and the fashionable voice to loudness, even harshness," these are immediately distinguishable from "the lively gestures, the notice-attracting glance and the self-conscious air of the underbred." Even gentlemen whom one thought that one could trust sometimes "let themselves down to the frequenting of public-houses and places of amusement, where the entertainment has been carefully planned to suit the uneducated, the low-born." Waves of democracy, it is clear, must be small, otherwise they disturb the pebbles and make a noise and nobody is safe from a splashing.

The proper display of emotion requires some guidance: "so very fashionable and elegant is modern mourning that the lavish use of crape in its initial stages is an absolute necessity." Crape, of course, "is to announce to friends and acquaintances and others that our loss is so recent and our grief so acute that we must be excused from ordinary conversation." There is, however, cheerful news for widows, black woollen gloves being "no longer necessary . . *suèdes* and silk gloves are permitted and in a couple of months are succeeded by French kid." "Collars and cuffs of white batiste" may also "lighten the intensity of their weeds." The acuteness of the grief is carefully measured, husbands getting "crape for a year, black for a year," grandmothers three months' crape and two months' black, aunts "black for two months, modified black for one" and a cousin "black for two months." Friends, one assumes, crape or black to taste.

Emotion at weddings must be equally strictly controlled. Although it used to be *de rigueur* in the vestry and "perhaps at the breakfast as well," "crying is no longer fashionable. It has followed fainting into the moon-light land of half-forgotten things." An emotional bride may, should she feel inclined, "shed a furtive tear or two at parting from the 'dearest old dad in the world,' or 'darling mums.'" Mrs. Humphry spreads herself on weddings: invitation cards (from Parkins and Gotto), patent boots for the bridegroom, brown or bay horses ("better taste" than grey); curb the servants ("nearly wild with excitement,") and on no account have too large a cake, Mrs. Humphry having heard of one which, with a fine electro-plate stand twenty-seven inches in diameter, brought down "most ignominiously the table on which it rested and the ceiling of the room beneath." Should the fireplaces in the reception rooms be concealed "beneath a wealth of snowy blossoms," heat can be supplied when necessary "by means of two or three wrought-iron crates filled in with cathedral glass, enclosing asbestos heated by means of oil, a highly decorative mode of heating." "But think," even Mrs. Humphry adds, "of the cost of all this!"

Warnings are given where warnings are needed: don't wear "white petticoats and black patent shoes" on the river: don't take the umbrella into the drawing-room: don't wear thick walking-boots at a formal dinner-party: don't be *décolletée* at the casino: don't "ride very rapidly past invalids in bath chairs": don't smell of "Princess Nicotine" (which may "offend the olfactory nerves of women"): don't wear patent boots with a shooting suit: don't occupy more than eighteen inches of space in church: don't travel in "glittering bead trimmings and elaborate embroideries": don't reply "both please" to a choice of Chartreuse or Bénédictine.

Helpful as she is to both sexes, Mrs. Humphry is perhaps at her best when dealing with girls and their "cheery, breezy, young existence." Freedom is in the air, indeed "the girl of to-day hardly knows what Berlin wool-work means." There is so much to be done. There is dancing ("... the fun of it, the go and whirl and mere merry motion"): there are the grand Balls ("May I have this barn-dance?") where one's "ideal of manhood" may appear (in the correct boots). If one's luck is really in, he will have wetted his hair, brushed and parted it, and then swathed his head with linen bands until it dries, thus producing "the plastered appearance which is now recognised as good form." There is curtseying to be practised ("Down you go, as far as the suppleness of your limbs will permit,") there is bicycling (suitably dressed for "the exigencies of wheeling,") there is rowing, and there is French to be learnt (and also "the gentle art of snubbing"). And everywhere there are young men to open doors for you, to give you flowers, to exercise "well-bred self-control," and to hold umbrellas over you should the weather be inclement. The girl of to-day is, in fact, "far too well occupied in enjoying herself—riding her bicycle, punting herself about on the river . . and making sunshine in her home—to have much time for profitless self-analysis." Exhaustive as her list is, there is evidently one "Don't" that Mrs. Humphry has omitted: "Don't think."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

I DO not think a bolder or more worth-while series of programmes than *The Story of Munich* has ever been broadcast. It was, in the first place, a courageous act to rub our noses in our shame for three successive Sunday evenings; for who could listen to this carefully documented record of the tragedy of good intentions without feeling humiliation? For the very first time in the history of radio a programme seemed to assume something of the function of the old Roman *lustrum*, the ritual cleansing of a whole people. Then, as an essay in the education of a democracy *The Story of Munich* existed in a class by itself. To listen to the programme based upon it is doubtless not an adequate substitute for reading Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's book; the fact remains that its content, its scholarly indictment of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, has been brought home to millions instead of thousands. The possible implications of this are plain, especially when, as in the present instance, so many of those concerned in the Munich crisis are still active and vociferous in public life. It is not difficult to imagine a situation in which such a broadcast could have positively enormous political influence. If I were a politician, I think I would regard the developments in broadcasting represented by *The Story of Munich* with some alarm; impeachment at the bar of the House of Commons is obsolete; its equivalent in the future may be precisely such objective radio programmes as this.

Technically, however, *The Story of Munich* showed that much greater care in rehearsal and considerably more experience in presentation are necessary before such programmes are wholly satisfying. The producers did not seem to have made up their minds just how much dramatisation of the material was permissible or indeed how far dramatic illusion was desirable at all. We were told, emphatically, that no attempt would be made to impersonate any living person. Well and good. It did not prevent one suffering a jar of discord when one heard speeches by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee, whom most of us know solely through their voices, delivered in tones utterly unlike theirs. And the sense of incongruity was heightened by the fact that the actor responsible did suggest in a remarkable way the voice of Neville Chamberlain. Again, there seemed no agreement on the method of rendering foreigners; the actors who played the Germans and Russians tended to assume off-English voices; but Ciano's English was permitted to be impeccable. The fee-fi-fo-fum accents of the well-known actor who played Hitler (for I must remember that the cast was anonymous) seemed to me deplorable. Difficult though it will be, obviously a stylised method of presenting the voices of historic personages of the present must be found.

Mr. Michael Kelly's dramatic reconstruction of the trial of Galileo, *Error in the Universe*, raised the old problem, what is the difference between a radio play and a feature? The only absolutely safe definitions I can think of are that a radio play is a programme in more or less dramatic form presented by the Drama Department, a feature a programme in more or less dramatic form presented by the Features Department. Mr. Kelly's programme was presented by the Drama Department and was therefore a play. Within its limits it was very good; the writing was at once lively and subtle. Mr. King Bull's production was very well done. Of a strong cast, Mr. Esmé Percy, most satisfyingly sinister as the Chief Inquisitor, seemed to me outstanding.

The new magazine-programme, *In Britain Now*, has made an excellent beginning. It showed a nice balance of regional interests and the contents were pleasantly varied in weight. The most important contributions, and they were both very good indeed, came from a London bricklayer, commenting on the progress in housing, and an old, crippled Scots miner who, having learned that knee-injuries account for more illness among pit-workers than any other single cause, has recently designed an improved knee-pad

for miners. It is in such informal, intimate miscellany programmes as *In Britain Now* and *Woman's Hour* that the B.B.C. is most likely to be successful in publicising the facts of the present industrial and economic situation. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Paisa," at the Academy

There is a strong case for arguing that the cinema reaches furthest when confronting reality, and when that reality is war the case is unanswerable. "The poetry is in the pity": yes, but the poet who said so would have considered it blasphemy to render things other than they are. If there is one experience the twentieth century has not escaped and cannot afford to reject it is that of war. We must nurse indignation and pity, sooner or later we must understand. The instinct to forget, or to peer forward and panic, is already so evident that films such as Rossellini's, torn from the flesh of events, doubly haunt the spectator by taking him back and forward.

Thus, *Paisa* revives from another angle the crawl of the Allied armies up through Italy in 1945. A narrator and a map keep us from time to time reminded of events; with each of the six episodes the Germans are nearer being driven out. But what we follow is not a campaign but the chart of human hopes and miseries. The invaders are callous and homesick and not perhaps over-hopeful of survival; hunger seems to have flattened out those inhabitants who haven't been shelled or bombed; yet everywhere there are pockets of gaiety and resistance, odd fraternisations, unspeakable cruelties. A girl, captured by the Americans, who gives her life trying to defend one of them, earns the epitaph of "dirty little Eyetie"; a drunk Negro soldier is towed about Naples by a child, loses his boots, and going to find them discovers himself among homeless cave-dwellers; six months in liberated Rome have made a whore of the smiling girl who gave water to a grimy tank-driver; Florence has become a desultory battle-ground, with sniping from windows and tanks prowling, and along a sunlit street hurries the little black-clad party carrying a stretcher; three chaplains come to a hillside monastery remote from war, where the brothers are confounded by their diversity of religions no less than of tinned foods; finally along the flat reedy stretches of the Po a desperate little tragedy of partisans, half-starved and surprised by a Nazi patrol, is worked out, while the front line has moved away distantly, the prisoners are bound, stood up in the twilight, and pushed one by one into the river. War is rich in ironies and unexpected devotions, if in nothing else.

It is no exaggeration to say that *Paisa*, with its warm shifting episodes, gives a greater and more heart-rending sense of the totality of war than any other film: more than the same director's *Open City*. He shows again the same careless genius for welding document and story, actors and actuality. Seventy per cent. of the dialogue, by the way, is in English, or rather American, so that there's no reason why *Paisa* should not be generally shown throughout the country. For that reason it is unfortunate—though unimportant—that the few references to ourselves should be disobliging. It may be no less necessary, in the hopes of a better world, to put up with the aggravation of one's friends than to understand one's enemies. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE NEW CONCERT HALL

OUR hopes of a new London concert hall have met so little encouragement that last week's news came as a surprise. The South bank of the Thames, some 30 acres between the County Hall and Waterloo Bridge, is to be cleared and redeveloped in time for the 1951 Exhibition, and a permanent concert hall is included in the L.C.C. scheme—indeed, some say two, a larger and a smaller, though no reference to a second hall appears in the published summary.

The London concert-goer's first reaction to this news was probably a shout of enthusiasm: thank heavens, at last somebody is doing something. But reflection brings doubts. Was it wise to choose a site immediately beside a railway line carrying the heavy traffic of a great London terminus? Is not our music-making likely to be disturbed by the infernal gamut of railway noises ranging from a reiterated double-bass thud to the piccolo scream of the engine-driver's whistle? The noise problem is indeed serious, reply the planners, but naturally we have taken the best advice . . . double thicknesses of wall, you know . . . gap in between . . . insulation . . . Yes, we say, a little hesitantly (for "sound-proof chambers" have an unfortunate way of being sound-*damping*, sound-*discouraging*, anything but really and truly sound-*proof*); yes, but what about access? How are we to get to our new hall? Barges?

At this point I dare say we should be kicked out of the County Hall as so many ungrateful, nay reptilian, saboteurs of a splendid visionary scheme. And I must, indeed, confess that I should have viewed the decision in favour of a South bank concert hall with grave misgivings if I supposed it to have killed any immediate prospects of a more central hall. Happily, it hasn't done so. I understand, on good authority, that our dear Queen's Hall is to be simultaneously rebuilt, on a slightly larger scale than before, to include the site of the St. George's Hall. That, I think, is really good news; and if our fears prove ungrounded and the transpontine hall turns out also an unqualified success, then a rosy prospect opens up for London orchestral music; for one thing, it should become possible to give all the more important concerts in duplicate, once at each hall. Best of all, after a decade of fuzzy, long-distance make-believe, young concert-goers can make the delightful discovery of what a symphony orchestra really sounds like.

The Carl Rosa Company deserve great credit for their initiative in producing Smetana's comic opera, *The Kiss*. Acting, production and above all translation, contained much that was stilted and absurd; but orchestra and singers succeeded, under Vilem Tausky, in conveying the attractive flavour of a work which may (unlike many operas) have too little plot, but has no lack of radiant, racy music.

La Bohème at Covent Garden had settled down by its second performance into the best all-round production we have yet had from the new regime. Dr. Rankl's conducting combined his customary vigour with unusual warmth; Mme Schwartzkopf and Herr Shock made a romantic pair of lovers and sang with touching purity of style; and Signor Silveri proved himself a virile Marcel, capable of catching Mme Welitsch in mid-air and holding her triumphantly aloft. It was delightful to hear Musetta's music really sung, instead of being screamed by the usual superannuated coloratura. David Franklin, as Colline, presented the most comical, pathetic and endearing sketch of that seedy philosopher I ever hope to see.
DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THREE EXHIBITIONS

AT *Roland, Browse and Delbanco's* there is a fine collection of Henry Moore's drawings, dating from 1928 to 1948; the show includes a lot of his *maquettes*, those miniature essays in sculpture which serve to show the artist roughly what forms he is going to pursue when he gets to his big pieces of wood or stone. But one of the functions of his drawings is also this working out of ideas, a sort of thinking on paper; we often see him change his mind, superimposing a newer upon an older version of a particular form. But with typical artistic candour, Moore makes no attempt to conceal these different and often incompatible versions: indeed he has found that these overlapping forms are most valuable aesthetically; they may be incompatible in the round, but in the flat their interpenetration becomes an asset. For one thing, these differing versions stated on the same paper come very near to being a record

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of the actual processes of the artist's thought: this suggested that, and that suggested something else. It is, of course, a feature of much modern drawing, that it records the artist's thought so intimately that even his hesitations are registered. But these are sometimes made too much of; they have even been cultivated. Henry Moore, however, does not give this impression: the way he covers his paper with a number of different "ideas for sculpture" seems straightforward and natural. But I have seen younger men do the same thing with less happy results: apparently this is not a method to be adopted by others.

Sculptors have often been competent draughtsmen but there has frequently been something dry and dull about their drawings: not only have they rarely been interested in design as it exists on the flat paper, but their feeling for the draughtsman's, or painter's, materials has been slight. Moore is an exception to all this. No one has a finer feeling for the textures produced by chalk on rough-grained paper (look very closely at 18, *Seated Figure;* it has the richness and brilliancy of handwoven silk); and he knows how to let ink or water-colour bite into such textures with marvellous effect. But above all, Moore's drawings are unique among the drawings of sculptors for their sense of pictorial composition and design.

At the *Redfern* Ceri Richards and Antony Bridge show paintings. Richards' large canvasses portray scenes of violent love on an almost communal scale: but, in contrast to these seething figures, whose limbs are constructed to formulæ deriving from Picasso, but whose general arrangement in the picture is sometimes more reminiscent of Rubens or Delacroix, we suddenly get a quiet portrait in the manner of Matisse. I believe his best picture is *Pianist, number 1*: here, colour is stronger and clearer and fully assists the creation of the forms. Antony Bridge does not imitate Pasmore, Bonnard or Sickert but his competent interiors (he is very fond of an oval dressing-table mirror) have gained much from these painters. Perhaps he is a little too evenly fuzzy, his objects too often slightly out of focus: but this does not detract from his notation of the effects of light, and one of his nudes is truly luminous.

PATRICK HERON

BALLET

Revival of Capriol Suite at Sadler's Wells

The opening of a new season at Sadler's Wells has always something of the character of a Youth Festival; behind the footlights, of course, for the memories of the audience grow longer and longer. Reminiscence was particularly rife at the revival of Frederick Ashton's *Capriol Suite*, which at a Charity Matinee at Hammersmith in 1930 first won him public recognition. *Capriol Suite*, to Peter Warlock's exquisite 17th-century pastiche, is a recognisable landmark on the road to *Façade*. It is still very much alive, and as well suited to this young company as to the Rambert Ballet of eighteen years ago, of which Ashton was still a member. It already reveals his fine musical feeling and sense of choreographic style, and the lyrical gift for which he has since become so famous. The *Pavane* was danced particularly well by Jane Shore, David Poole and Hans Zullig, the young Swiss dancer who was the chief pride of the Jooss Ballet, and whose first appearance in classical ballet was eagerly anticipated. We were not disappointed. The part of the Lover in Celia Franca's charming oriental ballet to the music of Sibelius' *Belshazzar's Feast*, gives scope to his nobility of line and gesture and beautiful rhythm. His training has not prepared him for great feats of classical virtuosity; perhaps also they are not suited to his temperament. But such a fine artist as Hans Zullig is rare in any company, and he is a most welcome addition to Sadler's Wells.

Farruca, arranged by Angelo Andes and danced by Pirmin Trecu, a young Basque member of the ballet, is also a new item in the programme. It lacked a certain vibrancy particularly associated with Spanish dancing, but was performed with spirit and dignity. Azagra's music was arranged by Guy Warrack, the company's new musical director. The orchestra was very good, and one would have liked to hear more of Chabrier's exciting *Danse Slave* which was played as an interlude.

BERYL DE ZOETE

THE THEATRE

"Dr. Faustus," at the New Theatre

The Old Vic's production of *Dr. Faustus* is not only disappointing, but alarming. Granted that this is not an easy play; that the comedy and incidentals are tenth-rate, that the concourse of devils, spirits, and subsidiary characters are difficult and tiresome, that there are no supporting conflicts of character or situation; nevertheless the play has a shape. It is monolithic. Marlowe's firm and ringing lines—"cut is the branch that might have grown full straight"—match the simplicity of his subject: the very simple, strong story of the rise and fall of a proud scholar. Faust had everything at his heels, and all the decoration of the play is subsidiary. And this simplicity is weighted with most splendid poetry.

At the New Theatre Faust does not stand out—he seems often to be there by mistake—and the devils are neither splendid nor restrained. In fact, the production is cursed by what the Germans call *Halbheit*. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Faust, speaks his lines moderately well, his voice has a consistently pleasing resonance and timbre; violence, restlessness, and passion are quite lacking. The devils, spirits, and sins caper and romp, alternating tea-shop Helpmann with country house charade, a very sickening mixture. There has been a great deal of niggling ingenuity, dressing up, haloing and blacking, fizzing of magnesium flares, white smoke and green smoke; only force and conviction are missing, and only they matter. The Emperor Charles V of Mark Dignam, the Wagner of John Garley, and the Mephistophilis of Robert Eddison stood out, from a mass of undistinguished acting, in seeming to deserve a weightier production. The music by Mr. Anthony Hopkins contributed nothing. And only in two scenes, that of Pope Adrian's triumph and that of the antics at Charles V's court, did the production wake up, and fall into a prettier arrangement. These are the sort of scenes with which Mr. Burrell does well. But how willingly we would have exchanged those pretty moments for some evidence of force and grasp!

POEM

Crouched, arm-legged animal; each sense
Again an impulse drove:
Under his lamp-cone eye a dance
Had switched the dust to life.

Dropped from the first and casual crump,
Bashed by one punch of fire,
Seeking from sullen afterdamp
Lean legacies of air.

Where in the recoiled silence, faint,
A compressed-air pipe hissed,
Lower his bended head he bent,
Life's lips to colder pressed.

Sweat sluiced each pore, all nerve-links gnawed,
Grit-sputum scoured his throat;
The road was heaving; gob-fires brewed
A lurking stink of heat.

Walls gave a grunt of roof-tons spilt,
Sealing his lonely cave,
A blast sucked back, and then he felt
The strata-bowels move,

And heard more futile timbers groan,
Heard roof-crags grind in wreck,
And last with all the labouring mine
The doomy gallery crack.

L. A. REDFORD.

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Correspondence

COMMUNISTS IN THE UNIONS

SIR,—The repercussions from the *Horner v. Lawther* controversy have left many of us wondering what is going to happen to the Trade Union Movement in this country. May I make one or two observations on the issues involved?

1. If I were a miner, and I was told that my General Secretary had flouted Union policy and had sabotaged National Executive application of that policy, I would ask for proof and would be prepared to take strong disciplinary action on receipt of that proof.

If, however, both the accusation and the alleged proof became involved with party politics; if, further, I was told that this showed the need to discriminate against all members of one minority working class party; in such a case, my reaction would not be so simple, and indeed I might be suspicious about the whole business. In fact, I might be an easy prey for a plausible case presented by the defence.

2. The much boosted suggestion that discriminatory rules might be introduced under which members of the Communist Party would be debarred from holding T.U. office represents an attempt to use legalism as a weapon in fighting ideas. I would have thought that the history of the Labour Party—indeed, the history of all minority movements—offers sufficient proof of the futility of such tactics. They can succeed on a short-term basis under a totalitarian regime, it is true, but presumably those who make the suggestion are not prepared to advocate the setting up of such a regime?

3. There is probably no Trade Union of any size in this country in which there is not an overwhelming non-Communist majority of members. Why, then, does the Communist Party succeed in getting its members into key positions and in getting its policy so frequently endorsed? You can't fool all the people all the time, so the answer is not that of trickery and plausibility. Every active Trade Unionist knows the true answer. The C.P. members will always be ready to do any job, to fill any post, to work. They are tireless in propaganda for their point of view. They are in the van of any struggle, local or national, to improve conditions. And the non-Communist is content to let them do the work—and thereby to achieve leadership. Who then has the right to criticise the other? Who, in the nature of things, gets the prestige? And when, in Branch meetings, those who do most of the work unite to press for a given line of policy, while 75 per cent of their opponents are at home listening to ITMA, who has the right to represent the Branch as a living force?

4. It would be as well for us to think ahead a bit. The principle of discrimination on political grounds might only apply now to the Communists. At the recent Tory Party Conference, a certain Mr. Fountaine won great applause with his references to Labour Government Ministers as "semi-alien mongrels and hermaphrodite Communists." Remembering the great economic, social and political stresses ahead, remembering what has happened in other countries when such crises reached their climax, just a little reflection on other applications of the discriminatory principle might be wise.

5. As one of the non-Communists within the Trade Union Movement may I plead for a more constructive approach? I regard the policy, strategy and tactics of the Communist caucus and of its national sections as not far short of disastrous to what I believe to be the interests of international Socialism and to the progress of the world's workers. The answer is neither discriminatory rules nor is it Bevinism. Only when Socialist principles are applied to each and every issue, whether in the Trade Union branch meeting or in the handling of the Palestine issue or in the question of wages, prices and profits, and only when the Socialist is prepared and equipped to take up the day-to-day task in the Trade Union Movement, will the Communists be put in their proper place. Because that will mean that false ideas, false policies, false Socialism, will be countered, not by legalism, but by policies and activity which are demonstrably in the interests of those concerned.

JOHN APLIN

(Member of National Executive Council, A.S.S.E.T.)

CIVIL SERVICE PURGE

SIR,—"Critic" is quite right in saying that the Civil Service detests the atmosphere of purge. It is contrary to the nature of the Civil Service and the stupidity of the conception of the purge is self-evident. "Critic," however, makes his comment primarily on the conduct of the purge, and it is that which is creating even more feeling. The question of the right of representation of the individuals concerned before the Advisory Committee is only one aspect of the problem. The refusal of the right of representation by a trade union applies not only in the case of the hearing by the Advisory Committee but also to the proceedings within the Department. Departments flatly refuse to receive trade union officers to discuss the allegations made against individual civil servants.

In some ways worse than this refusal of the right of representation by a trade union is the denial of any details of the charges made against the individuals. The normal allegation is that the individual is "associated with the Communist Party in such a way as to raise legitimate doubts as to his reliability." Nothing more is given. Repeated attempts have been made by individuals to ascertain from the Department and from the Advisory Committee some more precise detail as to the way in which they are associated with the Communist Party.

It may help to illustrate how this works out if I give some details of one member of the I.P.C.S. He joined the Communist Party during the war and resigned from it in 1946. His reason for leaving was that he disagreed with the policy of the Communist Party, particularly in relation to Russia. He dissented strongly from the diplomatic line being pursued by Russia. At that time this man was living in town X. In June, 1947, that is, some twelve months after his resignation from the Communist Party, he was moved in the normal course of official business to town Y, just over one hundred miles distant from town X. Since being in Y this man has had no contact of any kind, so far as he is aware, with any member of the Communist Party. It will be seen, therefore, that not only has the man been out of membership for a period of over two years but that for over twelve months there could have been no question of association. The Institution has inquired as closely as possible into the details. The man is not a member of any organisation which seems to have even the remotest connection with the Communist Party. None the less, he was suspended from duty in April of this year. He has been before the Advisory Committee. He has tried from the Department and from the Advisory Committee to get some more detail of what is alleged against him and in what way he is associated with the Communist Party. He is just flatly denied this information. Yet the Minister concerned has reached the decision that this man must be removed from the Department.

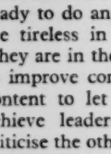
This seems to the I.P.C.S., as indeed it seems to the Civil Service as a whole, an iniquitous proceeding. The purge itself offends against every tradition of the Labour Movement. The sooner the Labour Government calls a halt to it the better for its reputation.

STANLEY MAYNE
General Secretary
The Institution of Professional Civil Servants,
17 Hans Place, London, S.W.1.

18B

SIR,—"Critic" states in London Diary that 18B detainees were allowed representation at their appeal by a lawyer or a friend.

This is completely untrue. In spite of constant



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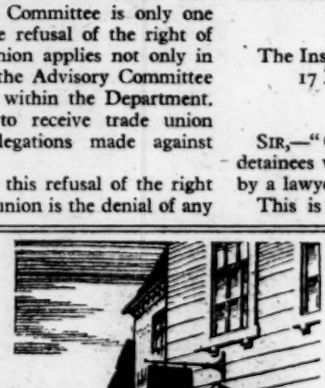

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requests from prisoners, and in the House of Commons, even the most handicapped or ill-educated appellant was refused the right of representation. In addition, the appeal was only to an Advisory Committee which heard no witnesses and whose decision the Home Secretary could, and on his own admission frequently did, over-ride.

As one who spent nearly four years in prison without charge or trial I trust you will permit the small instalment of fair play required to publish this letter.

JOHN BECKETT

29 Chenies, Rickmansworth.

["Critic" writes: I am sorry for giving a false impression, and Mr. Beckett is fully justified in correcting it. Representation was not the *right* of detainees, but in the discretion of the Committee, which granted it sparingly. The Committee, however, did hear friends who wished to testify to character.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

SOVIET TACTICS AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—For all his hard, clear, syllogistic reasoning, Mr. Archibald Robertson is surely an incurable romantic. Through the mists of the fifty or sixty years which have passed since his 'teens he sees the dawn of Socialism in this country as a blood-red sunrise because at Socialist meetings they used to sing The Red Flag, with its call to remember how that flag had "shrouded oft our martyred dead" and its pledge that "beneath its folds we'll live and die."

Looking back over the same period to the same experience, I recall how incongruous the performance used to appear to me. There would be rows of sober, practical, trade-unionist manual workers, often having a Nonconformist background, some of them accompanied by their capable, kindly, Co-op.-supporting wives. Mixed with them there would be young ardent workers of the black-coated sort, bright, intelligent young men and women, product of the elementary schools and the meagre facilities for further education of those days, who read the *Clarion* and the *Labour Leader* and, as regards Marx and Marxism, had only the secondhand knowledge which filtered through the columns of those papers and the addresses of speakers like Keir Hardie and Bruce Glasier, themselves scorned by the strict Marxists.

There would also be one or two Fabians, perhaps with salmony-red ties, and a few members of the Social Democratic Federation with scarlet ties a little the worse for wear. These latter made a point of starting the singing (in too high or too low a key) of The Red Flag. This they did as an assertion of their Marxist orthodoxy and the Continental affiliations; and the meeting docilely and somewhat falteringly followed their lead, paying no more attention to the full significance of the words than an assembly singing a hymn usually does.

To a realist this musical feature was, as I have said, an incongruity, ridiculous or pathetic according to one's mood. But evidently Mr. Robertson was romantic enough to take is seriously, and he has preserved his romanticism. This would not matter if it did not lead him to a nostalgic desire for the sort of revolution to which The Red Flag belongs. It is all very well for him to say that "precisely because Marxists believe in world revolution they do not believe in world war"; but a universal civil war, to be waged in all countries, including England, because of a belief that the conflict of economic interests inherent in capitalism can be resolved in no other way, is no more attractive than the sort of war between States which we have come to call world war.

Mr. Robertson is entitled to say, if he thinks so, that the fifty or sixty years of the Socialist Movement in Great Britain have been futile, and that a bloody revolution, horrible beyond imagination though it would be, is necessary; but he is romancing when he talks about the Movement having been, in its early days, Communism with a temper and technique of the Russian type, but one that turned traitor to itself. In this country it was just not so, not to any extent worth reckoning.

A. J. WALDEGRAVE

"Chelwood," Woodland Way,
Weybridge, Surrey.

SOVIET GENETICS

SIR,—It would appear that Prof. Haldane is too busy to answer the three challenging letters which appeared in your issue of October 2. He really ought to reply since his reputation—as a geneticist and as an expert on Russian science—is at stake.

May I add two small facts which may help him to make up his mind.

Fact 1: Lysenko has just been awarded the Order of Lenin, an official recognition of his services to Soviet politics.

There is, of course, nothing *scientific* at all about a creed such as Lysenko's which denies other geneticists the right to differ from his views. In other words, the heterodoxy which is fundamental to scientific progress is replaced by the religious orthodoxy of Communist genetics.

Fact 2: Nobel Prizewinner Prof. H. J. Muller, of Indiana, a geneticist and also an authority on Russian genetics—as Haldane is—is resigning membership of the Soviet Academy of Sciences as a protest at the latest turn in the genetics controversy. Perhaps Prof. Haldane is cogitating similar action?

Discovery,

WILLIAM DICK

244 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ATOMIC CONTROL

SIR,—The discussion throughout this country of the debate at the General Assembly of the United Nations on the question of the control of atomic energy and the possibility of freeing the world from the dread of the atomic bomb, appears to be largely hampered by an all but universal ignorance of the actual proposals that have been made, and in particular of those of the United States.

What are now referred to as the majority and minority reports in the matter are basically the American and Soviet proposals respectively.

The American proposals call for an international commission (outside the Security Council) in which shall be vested not merely the control but the ownership of the raw materials for producing atomic energy (uranium, etc.) and plant. The commission may licence or lease these to such agencies as it sees fit. It alone shall have the right to produce atomic energy for both peaceful and warlike purposes. It shall have full rights of inspection.

The Soviet proposals called for an agreement to outlaw the bomb and then inspection to see that it is destroyed within a given period. Any international power with periodic rights of inspection was to be within the jurisdiction of the Security Council. There was to be liberty for peaceful atomic development.

There was a wide gap between the methods of inspection between the two plans.

While this gap is of great importance, it is perhaps equally important to notice that the one side is demanding much more than inspection. It is raising the question of ownership. Mr. Vyshinsky's recent modified proposal to introduce inspection at the same time as an agreement to abolish the bomb represents the first important concession either side has made. It is objected that this means little, as the wide gap in the methods of inspection proposed remains.

It is vital to all that these gaps be closed. Could not the Soviet proposal now be met with a concession of the principle that the bomb should be outlawed. This might well be achieved if agreement could be reached as to the method of inspection? If inspection alone were asked for, and not ownership, such agreement at this stage would not seem to be impossible.

STANLEY G. EVANS

The British-Soviet Society,
15 Devonshire Street, W.1.

THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—As a Scot I read Mr. Moray McLaren's answer to "Critic" with an increasing sense of irritation. I say "answer," but it answered practically

Why Suffer
PAIN
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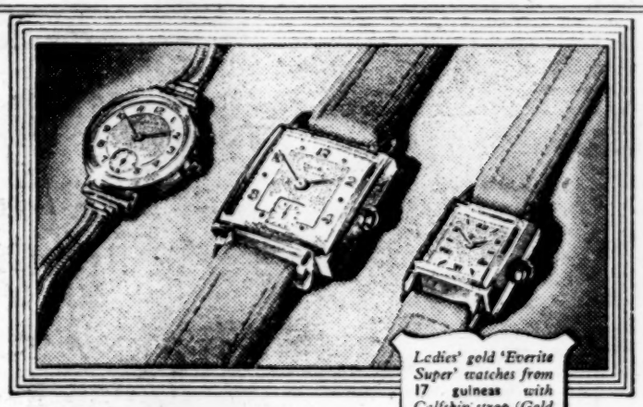

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nothing, least of all the question how the Highlands can support human life at a decent level. Seen at the range of a hundred years, the 51 Highlanders from Mr. McLaren's Glen who fought in the Crimea appear god-like creatures indeed, full of porridge and salmon; but has Mr. McLaren thought what life in that Glen was really like, or wondered what induced these fine fellows to exchange such a life for that of a mere soldier?

The fact is, of course, that there simply are *not* the resources in the Highlands to render life other than a scramble for the barest necessities, and even if "Critic" and "people of his kidney" were to insist that the ruinous export of peat, brown trout and heather should cease immediately, there would still be no rush to populate these lovely places. It is enough, surely, to admire the Highlands as they are, without gazing longingly at them through a golden haze of milk and honey.

M. C. HUNTER

BULLS AT COLLIOURE

SIR,—Neil McCallum's description of bulls at Arles is charming, and it is pleasant to be assured that "if one of them (*les amateurs*) should be unlucky, the crowd would be horrified, probably rather ashamed." Perhaps it is the mellowing effect of a classical amphitheatre, or of the gentler Provençal sun instead of its scorching Pyrenean counterpart, or of distance from the final scenes of the Spanish civil war, but it is strange that 300 kilometres should make so great a psychological difference to a crowd.

At Collioure, too, "there was one young man in sloppy trousers, naked above the waist who acted the comedian." This Grimaldi came up in front of the bull, yelling and waving a blue paper hat and trying to snatch the rosette. The bull did see him, and as the man dashed to the barricade the bull knocked him down with his bandaged horns and charged over him, treading accurately on his spinal column with his forefoot. When the bull had turned its attention to the other side of the arena, one of the other amateurs quickly dragged the body feet first to the barricade and bundled it over into the crowd—they were so "horrified" that it was difficult to make them give up their vantage points so that a way could be cleared to bear the body out, and a loud speaker explanation that it was being taken to the Pharmacie was drowned by shouts of "Continuez," and jeers at the less daring amateurs who continued the game. Truly they were not interested in "the poetry of death."

Next day, while one small funeral cortège wound its way to the cemetery in the hot sun, in the arena another youth was killed by another bull. After the first incident the prize for securing the rosette was raised from 1,500 francs to 2,000 francs, the price of two kilos of butter or coffee on the *marché libre*.

In Rome the prize for success in the arena was Life, with the occasional addition, if G.B.S. is to be believed, of a place in the Praetorian Guard. In our great civilisation we have substituted butter for arms, five whole pounds of the delicious stuff, or else the wherewithal to "dunk" one French bread ration for a month.

ANN MICHAELIS

17 Park Road, N.W.1.

SUSAN ISAACS

SIR,—The late Susan Isaacs was an exciting person to know. Her intellectual vitality enriched a nature boundlessly eager to participate in the adventure of living, and to be counted among her friends was to be admitted to the intimacy of a rare enlightenment that included ruthlessly frank discussion that might range from her own special field of psycho-analysis through literature and politics to the uproarious enjoyment of a "This England," or the recollections of a climbing holiday. Almost the last words that she spoke to the writer a few days before she died were a wryly-humorous reference to the finality of her journey.

Her interest in child psychology and particularly in psycho-analysis derived from a profound curiosity about human nature and two marked traits in her character: a strong practical tendency and a dislike of waste. In the wilderness of good intentions how much ill-directed and wasted effort would be avoided if we could start nearer the beginning, with tested knowledge and understanding of the drives and motivations behind the irrationalities of human behaviour. The value of Susan Isaacs' contribution to our knowledge in these fields is measurable by the patience and the insight with which she set about observing and recording the minute details of the activities of the group of twenty or so children who formed her experimental school at the Malting House, Cambridge.

Out of that pioneering experiment grew her two classic works, *Intellectual Growth in Young Children* and *The Social Development of Young Children*, which, with her two smaller popular books, *The Children We Teach* and *The Nursery Years*, have been amongst the formative influences in the educational thought and practice of the last twenty years. Characteristically she turned aside in later years from what many regarded as her most valuable work in which she had achieved a unique authority, to deepen her own knowledge of psycho-analytic technique and theory which she believed indispensable to fruitful achievement in any study of human behaviour.

To meet her in argument was to realise quickly her passion for fact and her disdain of improvisation and loose thinking, a passion and a disdain comparable to that which inspired Beatrice Webb in her social investigations; and she could be pungently scornful of those who argued and behaved as though in any sphere of social or psychological research the last word had been spoken by a single great mind, whether it be Marx or her own revered leader, to whom she owed such profound allegiance, Freud.

These were the known and public sides of her mind and character. Known only to her friends were her great sense of fun, her eager but generous competitiveness, her love and wide knowledge of birds and flowers, her love of music and poetry, and her devotion to the Scottish mountains. She undertook a great risk and endured considerable pain to travel north this summer that she might see her beloved Highlands again, knowing that she would be seeing them for the last time.

It was in keeping with her outlook and her character that she should have asked that there should be no "speechmaking" at her funeral, but only that some favourite pieces of music should be played and some poems read. Susan Isaacs had genius and greatness, but her epitaph might well be the last line of Francis Thompson's poem, "To My Godchild," the final stanza of which was read as she departed from us:

"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

J. POLE

CLOTHES FOR EUROPE

SIR,—Between July 1945 and May 1948 British Quakers, largely through the generosity of non-Quakers, were able to send four million garments to Europe. We are now anxious to send a fifth million before the really severe weather begins.

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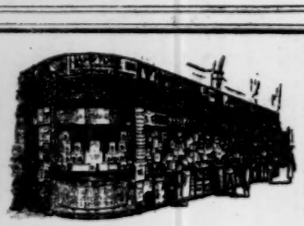
PAUL D. STURGE
Friends Service Council,
Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

REJOINTMENT

SIR,—Philip Toynbee is a little astray in stating that "rejointment" is a word "coined" by Gide. It is a builders' technical term which means "pointing" (of a wall, etc.).

O. S. S.



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

If any of us should desire to be a character in a novel, where does the best chance lie? Where, in what literature, would we have the least difficulty in getting in? In the nineteenth century the answer used to be that a character could get into the Russian novel more quickly than any other. The Russian novels were travel books, or, more picturesquely, they were like railway junctions; a whole people streamed in and out of them freely, and there dumped down the bursting baggage of human existence without embarrassment. From the novelists' point of view, there was the advantage of a semi-feudal life: in that life everyone is accessible; under succeeding systems and, above all, in the way we live in England to-day, people become enclosed. The would-be character who approached the English novelist in the nineteenth century had to pass a class test and a moral test which judged him in advance; and if he applied at any time during the last 50 years there was a new barrier: the probability that the novelist would know nothing about his kind of person. Henry James was unacquainted with the working class, Wells knew the lower middle class but not the class above him, Dickens and Hardy—whose books are loose and crowded, a little in the Russian manner—had no knowledge of the aristocracy. The exclusiveness of the English novelists, their sheer lack of acquaintance, is astonishing; and this, though it has been cleverly turned into a virtue, seems to me likely to bring about the withering of the English novel. The sad thing is that the ideological tests, the pre-judgments practised by the Soviet novelist since the revolution, are already taking the Russian novel the same way.

Three totally different Russian books* lie before me at the moment, and they are all marked by that naive freedom of acquaintance which was the Russian gift. The amateur volume—reminiscences of the Turgenev family by Madame Turgenev's ward—is as fresh and alive in its rambling, uncritical and artless way, as either of the professionals; we realise, after reading it, that the Russian novel was built upon a rich and fertile basis of private observation and talk. The gossip of the country house, the long hours of its life, preserved the habit of an unconscious, oral literature. Madame Zhitova's little book is the chatter—the chatter which is so close to the skin of life—that underlies many of the Turgenev stories. The scene in which the appalling Madame Turgenev pretends to be dying, calls for the priest, and has all her forty servants troop in to kiss her hand in farewell, so that she can discover which of them has been drinking too much, might belong to any Russian novel, and is done instinctively well.

The political bitterness of Russian literary criticism, and its rhetorical hero-worship as well, have obscured the case of Turgenev. The Russians are a race of lackeys (he said in *Smoke*) who will always fall in beside the despot with the big stick. It was a generalisation adapted from experience. The despot in Turgenev's early life was not a man: it was his mother. He was flogged by her; he was dominated by her. He was cured for ever by her behaviour of any possible tendency to admire violence or the love of power. Of all the strong women—in which Russian literature abounds—Madame Turgenev is the most repellent; but if she was a monster in her tyranny and cruelty, it was because (as Madame Zhitova says) she was the child of tyranny and barbarism. She was loathed, neglected and beaten by her mother; her stepfather attempted to seduce her. She fled from the house at night in the winter to the house of her uncle; and, like the Cinderella-like mother of Aksakov's memoirs, she avenged her ruined childhood upon all around her when she was free at last. "Those who loved her suffered most of all." On her own estates she ruled like an empress. Serfs were threatened with Siberia for the smallest offence. She forced two of her closest servants to marry, and then forbad the mother to suckle her children or have them anywhere near the house. She refused to acknowledge the marriage of her eldest son, drove him to poverty. Once she got possession of the photographs of his children only in order to destroy these blasphemous images in an hysterical rage. Apparently relenting, and saying she wished to see the children, she had them marched past the window of the house and would not speak to them. She was quite unmoved and, indeed, felt justice had been done when, in an epidemic, they all died. And yet to her favourites (like the adopted daughter) she was indulgent: Madame Zhitova's book is an attempt to present a more tolerant estimate of Madame Turgenev than the one common in her circle.

Turgenev himself appears from time to time in these pages, a growing youth seen through the hero-worshipping eyes of a young girl. He romps, he plays, he helps her steal food, he lies on the sofa with his long legs sticking over the edge of it, exchanging stories with the little girl for hours. When he arrives, the serfs whisper, "Our Angel and defender has come," and go down on their knees before him. Turgenev's hatred of serfdom started in these days and, though he reasoned vainly with his mother, the gentleness of his manners appears to have distracted the hysterical woman from the harshness she used towards his brother. We see, from this book, where Turgenev's repugnance for the barbarism of Russia at that time sprang from; we see also that what is called weakness of will is relative. It is true that Turgenev's character was permanently injured by his mother, that she ruined the power of decision and initiative in him; on the other hand, he was able to outmanœuvre her by the very patience and obstinacy of the weak; he refused to marry, which she desired, and he became a writer, which she hated. The will of Turgenev as an artist was enormous: art is a ground where the family bully is bound to lose; it is remarkable that when the political bullies of Russian criticism set upon him, with their political tests for literature, Turgenev remained unperturbed. The frightful Varvara Petrovna, the little Tartar bombshell, had hardened her son. She had endowed him with weariness, a premature old age, and that state of mind is tougher than the strong and hysterical ever realise.

Whether it was remembered with affection and poetic longing as in the memoirs of Aksakov, or with hatred and satire as in writers like Schchedrin, the life of the Russian country house was the making of the Russian novelists. But, as the novels of Gorki shows, the nation of outcasts which feudalism throws up, has a corresponding coherence if of a more pungent kind. It is not impenetrable. An English Gorki is unimaginable. He would run on his fixed rails like a quarry truck, and never get out of his pit. He would be unlikely to have the folk-inheritance of a natural gift for writing; Gorki's genius was part of the Russian national genius. We can see in Gorki's large post-revolutionary novel, *The Artamonov Business*, what the gains and losses for the uninstructed writer were. The explosion of Gorki's vitality, his turbulent power of describing the life of the Russian poor, outside the country houses, were meant to blow a hole in the manners of the Russian novel, and it did bring in a riot of new material; but his novels are really a sprawl of new impressions, focused on all varieties of physical violence and delight, and held together by crude political theory. The first Artamonov (who might be one of Varvara Petrovna's serfs after the Liberation) builds a factory; he is a primitive force, violent in his energy. (He kills himself at last by trying to lever a boiler into place single-handed.) The second generation grow rich, but their violent father has really broken them; frustration nibbles at their success. They seek relief in debauch. The third generation are educated up to a point, and one runs away to study history and become a revolutionary; the others are comfort loving, pedantic, foolish in their love affairs, cowardly and criminal. The theory of rise and fall follows a vaguely Marxist and familiar course; it fails to convince because it comes too pat. When Gorki makes the moral decline of the Artamonov's correspond with the outbreak of revolution, we see an example of the Pathetic Fallacy at work in its now political disguise. Indeed, Gorki's romantic theory of energy is at variance with his politics, and is also insufficient to explain the facts. Huge industrial enterprises are produced not by ruthless emotional gestures, but by ability, science and method; and one can imagine a later and less doctrinaire writer seeing in the Artamonovs, not the wicked bourgeois, but the pioneers of Russian industrialism. Gorki's generous humanity, his largeness and subtlety as a writer, lay in the vagabond, the outcast element of his nature; he was profoundly a pessimist; and from the novelist's point of view, his optimistic politics led him into sentimentality.

These criticisms leave us with Gorki's natural and generic Russian genius for putting down physical life and the common feeling about it simultaneously. Again and again in the Russian novel we see what a man is like, what he is at that very moment doing and how he feels about it, in the first flash of acquaintance; Gorki has this gift. A man comes on to the page with the very hour of the day upon him. We see the middle-aged Peter Artamonov returning from a debauch:

> It was a wet windy October when he drew near Dromov. With jingling bells and hooves smacking juicily into the sodden ground the post-house horses trotted eagerly between the ranks of the young fir trees which stood motionless, sentinel over the narrow strip of track through the marshlands. The whole sky was plastered with the grey dough of the clouds—it was just as grey and dreary in Peter Artamonov's still fuddled head. He felt as if he had come from the funeral of someone very dear to him, but of whom none the less he had been heartily weary. He felt sorry for the departed, but at the same time the thought that he would never come across him again was pleasant; the man who had gone would never more make him feel uneasy with those hazy demands, those unspoken reproaches or any of those things which had made life difficult for the real, the living Artamonov.
>
> "I must get down to work, and that's the end of it," he tried to persuade himself. "It's work makes the life of a man, that's it."

In an hour or so of the life of an ordinary sinner, Gorki lightly catches the universal: the first bewildered realisation of middle age, the faint notions of a soul in a vulgar man. The present translation by Mr. Alec Brown seems very good, except for some mannerisms in the dialogue.

After Gorki, *Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*, by P. D. Ouspensky, is a step aside into the quiet of introspective fable. Ouspensky, who died in England last year, has been called the last of the Russian writers in the pre-Revolutionary manner. He is concerned with the mystery of time and the elusiveness of personal happiness: a continuation of the theme abruptly forbidden by the directives of the Revolution. Ouspensky's hero is enabled by a magician to relive his schooldays and young manhood; now aware of the future in advance, he hopes to amend his mistakes. He fails. Which is dream? Which is reality? The tragic ironies of this time-traveller's life are marked down; and yet, as he is caught by the compulsions of fate, he feels that "something beckons, something inevitable is felt." The subject of the book is really guilt: everything will happen just as we want, but afterwards we shall have to pay dearly for it. Once more this book has the characteristic naivety of Russian writing, the feeling for the suspense of the present moment, which hangs like a drop of rain upon the window, containing a whole world in itself.

V. S. Pritchett

**The Turgenev Family.* By V. Zhitova. *Harvill Press.* 7s. 6d.
The Artamonov Business. By Maxim Gorki. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.
Strange Life of Ivan Osokin. By P. D. Ouspensky. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

THE AUSTRIAN ILLUSION

The Tragedy of Austria. By JULIUS BRAUNTHAL. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

British Socialists had many objects of romantic attachment between the wars; these they had to share with the Communists. Democratic Austria alone—"Red Vienna" as it was so curiously called—was a private enthusiasm, shared with none. The Austrian Socialists caught all sections of the British Labour movement: their Marxist phrases appealed to the Left, their social services and Trade Union organisation won the Right. Even the then Prince of Wales made the revolutionary gesture of visiting their blocks of working-class flats. The Austrian Socialists kept up their legend to the last. Though they muddled into civil war without a programme and without equipment, at least they fired a few shots, had a few victims, and so did better than the German Socialists who vanished out of existence without a single explosion. One legend succeeded another: after democratic Austria, the "clerico-fascism" of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg was admired in its turn by all those who hoped to serve both God and anti-Bolshevism. In 1938 both legends were shattered. Austria (birthplace of both Hitler and his ideas) at last found something to believe in and provided thereafter the toughest, most brutal elements in the forces of Nazi conquest. Far from being less German than the inhabitants of the "*old* Reich," the Austrians turned out to be more so. Nevertheless the historic rule remains true: men are prepared to lose everything except their illusions, and indedendent Austria—democratic, Christian, Western, what-you-will—once more provides a cover for a German national state.

Julius Braunthal was an outstanding figure in old "Red Vienna." Nevertheless his ramshackle book, with its four different authors (introduction by Michael Foot, epilogue by Dr. Friedrich Adler; appendix by Paul R. Sweet) shakes illusions rather than feeds them. Mr. Foot, of course, repeats old tunes in his introduction. "Austrian Socialism had a quality of its own. Its achievements against terrific odds were exceptional . . . Austria to-day justly expects comradeship and aid from us" and so on. Though he commends the book, he does not seem to have read it and has certainly not understood it. At the other extreme, the documents which Professor Sweet has assembled from the Vienna archives destroy the legend that there was a Socialist plot in 1934 and show that Dollfuss deliberately provoked civil war on the instructions of Mussolini; it is the associates of Dollfuss who are now the champions of Austrian "democracy."

Mr. Braunthal no doubt designed the main body of the book to display the economic difficulties of the Austrian republic and to justify the work of the Vienna Socialists. His honesty was too much for him. Against his will, he puts his finger on the real weakness of democratic Austria: the system of social services had nothing to offer the peasants. Red Vienna ran against the oldest of social problems: how to persuade the food-grower to hand over his food. After all, food is more essential than anything else; society and civilised values are all designed to swindle the food-grower into overlooking this fact. When traditional ideas fail and the supply of industrial goods runs out, only force remains. This was the situation in Austria in 1919; but the Austrian Socialists, though learned in Marxist texts, were too democratic to establish a proletarian dictatorship over the peasants. All they offered them was anti-clericalism and secular education, an offer which did not increase the peasants' willingness to feed the towns. In fact democratic Austria was the demonstration-piece that neither democracy nor Socialism can succeed in a country mainly inhabited by peasants; no wonder Marx called them troglodytes. Dollfuss and Schuschnigg and the Christian Socialists were a thoroughly nasty lot; all the same they represented an inevitable rural reaction against the achievements of Red Vienna. Mr. Braunthal realises well that the majority of Austrians are not, in his sense, democratic; only he runs away from his own conclusion and feebly expresses the hope that they may become so. Odd things may happen; not, however, that the Austrian peasant will willingly pay for social services and fine housing schemes in Vienna.

Still, even the Austrian peasant is not the illiterate "dumb ox" he used to be, in awe of authority and of the priest. He, too, is now the product of universal education; and once he can read and write, he knows that he is German. The basic question in Austria is national, not economic; and both Mr. Braunthal and, still more emphatically, Dr. Adler, have the honesty to insist that Austria is part of national Germany. Mr. Braunthal justifies this in an odd way: "Social Democrats, faithful to their belief in internationalism, will see in the workers all over Germany . . . their closest comrades." In reality, he is expressing national, not international, solidarity. Honest Social Democrats, whether German or "Austrian" are, in fact Pan-Germans; and it is admirable of Mr. Braunthal and Dr. Adler to admit it. Their frankness explodes the ingratiating particularism at present assumed by Communists and Christian Socialists alike. Austria might find a settled future in a democratic Germany (if ever there were such a thing); independent Austria will never be a barrier against a renewed German aggression. A. J. P. TAYLOR

BOSIE

Lord Alfred Douglas. By WILLIAM FREEMAN. *Michael Joseph. 18s.*

Lord Alfred Douglas was always "Bosie"; from childhood through Winchester and Oxford, through his years of youth and beauty and friendship with Oscar Wilde, through harder years as a poet and literary journalist and litigant, through marriage and prison and conversion to Rome, and still at the end as a querulous back-number writing letters to editors from Hove, the nickname stuck. "Bosie" came from "Boysie." That was his mother's name for him, and he was always a mother's boy. It would not take a Freudian long to explain the sporadic homosexuality, the persecution mania, the instability of emotional attachments in terms of Lord Alfred's excessive adoration for Lady Queensberry and hers for him. But something more puzzling than this will strike the reader of Lord Alfred's *Life*—now that his death has made it safe to publish one—and that is a certain curious resemblance between Lord Alfred and his father. The eighth Marquess of Queensbury was a violent man who spent his life in search of trouble. Lord Alfred was cultivated where his father was a boor, he had charm where his father had none, and he never sank (as his father often did) to physical assault; but he, too, was a violent man, a trouble hunter with a crazy passion for involving himself and others in actions for criminal libel. The resemblance was there, even though in spite of everything Lord Alfred was quite an amiable character. Because of his addiction to libel suits, several London editors thought it prudent in later years to bar any reference to Lord Alfred Douglas from their columns. It was thus that he defeated himself. He wanted recognition as a poet, but the perverse pugnacity he inherited from Queensberry, the reckless advocacy of crackpot ideologies, and the everlasting litigation made it hard for anyone to take him seriously.

A thorough estimate of Lord Alfred's life and work must wait until the present Lord Queens-

This week in

The Listener

Franco's Spain and Western Union
by Donald McLachlan
The "D.P.s" of Europe
by Christopher Serpell
A Munich Survey (II): The Personal Story of the Runciman Mission
by F. T. A. Ashton-Gwatkin
The Church and the Atomic Bomb: The View of a Christian Pacifist
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Henry Irving: an Actor of Genius
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erry has finished the biography he is writing, but Mr. Freeman's book contains enough material for n interim assessment. Unfortunately, the wners of the Alfred Douglas copyright have not llowed Mr. Freeman to reproduce lines from Lord Alfred's verses, and thus to enrich his *Life* with a critical appreciation of the poet's work. t is even ironical, since Mr. Freeman is an admirer of Lord Alfred's verses, which is something future biographer may possibly not be. And t is an important question whether Lord Alfred was or was not a considerable poet. It seems to me that he was not one, but a critic has no business to dispute a case Mr. Freeman has not been llowed to plead. We are left to reflect upon Lord Alfred as a personality.

As a frontispiece to Mr. Freeman's book, there s a photograph of Alfred Douglas at 23, inscribed "For Oscar from Bosie." It shows a young man of languid good looks, not kindly but elf-absorbed. In later years Lord Alfred alternately confessed and denied that Wilde had been is lover. One thing Bosie never was, and that was simple youth corrupted by a powerful man. Lord Alfred had far more strength of mind than Oscar Wilde, although he was so much younger. t is not sufficiently known that Lord Alfred's ncitement was responsible for Wilde's disastrous ibel action against the Marquess of Queensberry; other friends urged Wilde to drop it, but Bosie's will prevailed. Mr. Freeman quotes an illuminating remark made by Wilde in reply to Harris's suggestion that he should break off his friendship with Lord Alfred: "Bosie wouldn't let me."

Bosie did finally break from Wilde, but only when the one person who could influence him insisted—his mother.

(Lady Queensberry) came in person to Rome [Mr. Freeman writes] and from there issued an ultimatum. Bosie was to end the partnership at once, and to join her . . . . Douglas recognized the inevitable and accepted it.

Wilde, in a comment as foolish as it was bitter, said: "As soon as there was no money, Bosie left me." It was nothing to do with money; it was mother-love that took his friend away. Once she had regained her son, the Marchioness gladly helped him raise £200 to send to Wilde.

Not long after this, Lord Alfred went to America to find a rich bride. Finding instead that the gentlemen's clubs of Washington were closed to him, he hurried back to London, took out a special licence at St. George's, Hanover Square, and married a lady poet named Olive Custance without her parents' knowledge or consent. After this inauspicious start in 1902, Lord Alfred's relations with his father-in-law, Colonel Custance, were never cordial; they reached a peak of hysterical animosity in 1913 when the Colonel had him arrested on a charge of criminal libel. In the eleven intervening years, Lady Alfred's charms had diminished as her bulk increased. Age, writes Mr. Freeman, was unkind to her; "she grew stout and, with no instinctive understanding of how to compensate for the ravages of time, lost her claims to Bosie's . . . devotion." It was during the libel case his father-in-law had brought that Lord Alfred made the acquaintance of a young woman who was willing to sell her pearls to help him. He fell in love with her, and though mildly anxious as to the propriety of adultery in a Roman Catholic convert, he set up house with her for a time on the proceeds of his memoirs of Oscar Wilde. This episode led in turn to further lawsuits over the custody of Lord and Lady Alfred's son.

It was in 1904 that Lord Alfred met the man who became his most important collaborator in literary enterprises: T. W. H. Crosland. They were as little alike as two men could be, but they shared a taste for sonnets and litigation. Douglas and Crosland edited *The Academy* together, and when Lord Alfred was not involved in a libel action of his own, his partner would enliven the dull routine of literary journalism by attacking the character of some "treacherous" ex-friend. They were both acutely sensitive to treachery, but less appreciative of generosity. Their Fleet Street buccaneering would not have flourished as it did had they not had the liberal help of such friends as Sir Edward and Lady Tennant.

Lord Alfred's greatest triumph in the law courts was the result of a journalist's mistake. In February, 1921, the *Evening News* published a report of his death, together with an obituary notice which was not entirely flattering. His damages were a thousand pounds. A very different case was that brought against him by Mr. Winston Churchill in 1923, after Lord Alfred had accused Mr. Churchill of "issuing false reports of the Battle of Jutland" and of "acting on behalf of Jewish interests in securing the murder of Lord Kitchener." This fabrication was as preposterous as anything the eighth Marquess of Queensberry ever uttered, and although it led to Lord Alfred's spending six months in prison to meditate upon it, he never seemed to regain anything approaching a balanced view of politics and literature. Editors henceforth turned down his impossible manuscripts. He could hardly have lived if his nephew, the present Marquess, had not given him a home at Hove.

Feeling himself neglected as a poet, Lord Alfred used to speak with venom of contemporaries whose work was recognised: Mr. Eliot and Mr. Auden were "simply not poets at all." He compared Mr. Eliot's poems with leading articles in *The Times*, adding that his words were meant to contain no aspersions on that newspaper. Lord Alfred called himself a Tory, and strangely enough, although the things he objected to were very varied, he discerned the Hidden Hand of Jewry in all of them.

Mr. Freeman does not mention it, but it happened that Lord Alfred's hunger for the appreciation of the young resulted in his being, towards the end of his life, the victim of a little racket that might have appealed to Chehov's sense of humour. An impoverished journalist in Brighton used to take young writers or curious undergraduates to tea with Lord Alfred at Hove for a fee of five shillings a time. They did not know that Alfred Douglas also paid a fee to have such visitors brought there. MAURICE CRANSTON

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This is a book of old-fashioned philosophy, of philosophy, then, which is out of fashion, which seeks—the words are Mr. Wauchope's—"to find a standpoint from which all the variety of reality could be viewed as the parts of a comprehended whole." It is old fashioned also in being written in the grand manner of *a priori* reasoning in that it endeavours to deduce from some initially given postulate what the universe must be like, without troubling overmuch about recourse to experience to find out what it is, in fact, like.

Let me say at once that Mr. Wauchope is an extremely intelligent man and that anything he has to say about philosophy is well worth attending to. Nevertheless, I must confess that I find much of his book frankly unintelligible, while the darkly aphoristic manner in which much of it is written—"an immortal could not think at all"—is to me personally uncongenial. I also think that Mr. Wauchope would benefit from a wider acquaintance with the works of other philosophers. This would enable him to realise that many of his conclusions have been reached before and would draw his attention to some rather obvious criticisms which he overlooks.

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The single postulate from which his philosophising starts is that of self-hood: "The one postulate we must ask the other person to allow is this—that he is alive, i.e., that he is a self." This, by the way, is open to the objection commonly urged against Descartes's *cogito ergo sum*, namely, that the fact that an experience is occurring does not entitle one to deduce the existence of a continuing personal self with all the implications that self-hood entails. The implications that Mr. Wauchope draws from it are, in fact, prodigious. The most important are, first, that *since* the self is an example of unity in difference, every moment of consciousness being a synthesis of subject and object which is more than the sum of the constituent parts into which it can be analysed, *therefore* the universe is an example of unity in difference. This conclusion leads Mr. Wauchope to a position not dissimilar from those of Bradley and Hegel, which accords to wholeness and unity a higher ontological status than it does to what is partial and diverse. The goal of philosophising is, according to Mr. Wauchope, a single moment of consciousness in which the last two partial wholes which "were together inclusive of all the things in the universe" are synthesised in a single moment of conscious understanding.

Secondly, since all understanding is the act of a conscious person which synthesises subject and object, it is erroneous to suppose that we can know anything precisely as it is independently of our knowing it. The ignoring of what he calls "the subjective factor" is, according to Mr. Wauchope, the besetting sin of current philosophical thinking:

> The error is to suppose that intellectual operations in general would give their best results if they were performed detachedly, or even to suppose that they could be so performed.

In a closely reasoned chapter entitled "The Nature of Explanation," Mr. Wauchope dilates upon this error and its consequences, and reaches the conclusion that the attempt to eliminate the subjective factor and so to arrive at a true picture of a common objective world, the same for all observers, is a mistake fathered upon philosophy by science.

The first of these positions is familiar under the name of objective idealism; its difficulties are well known, though Mr. Wauchope seems to be unaware of them. Let me say a word about the second. From the fact that all understanding is the act of a conscious person, it does not follow that the thing known or understood is necessarily infected with subjectivity. Mr. Wauchope's conclusion seems to me to blur certain rather obvious distinctions. Thus, if I say that twentieth-century music is worthless, or that the English climate is the best in the world, it is pretty clear that my judgments are dictated by factors personal to myself, are, in fact, a reflection of my prejudices and circumstances and unlikely, therefore, to represent what is, in fact, the case. But is this equally clear if I judge that $7 \times 7 = 49$, that a whole is greater than its part, or that A is farther from B than C is? Moreover, there are degrees of infection by subjectivity. If X and Y are walking and X is very tired but Y is not, Y's estimate of the distance travelled is more likely to be correct, that is to represent the fact, than that of X; so, too, if X and Y try to estimate the temperature of a room and X is himself suffering from an unusually high temperature. In the interests of the conclusion that no judgments are or can be detached, Mr. Wauchope seems to me to fail to make provision for these obvious distinctions. Nor is it the case, as he seems to think, that the view that reality is objective and can be known as it really is makes it certain that "the meaning of the word 'existence' is co-terminous with the meaning of the word 'things.'"

Many philosophers would hold that mathematical truths, logical propositions and ethical judgments can accurately report the nature of a world that is very far from being composed exclusively of *physical* things. Mr. Wauchope applies his concepts of wholeness and subjectivity to special departments of human inquiry, to biology, psychology and sociology; they are also worked out in relation to sensory and aesthetic experiences. The intention is to present his conclusions in all these fields as deductions from his initial postulate and from the general philosophical position which he derives from it. In fact, however, they produce the impression of a series of detached announcements, original and often intriguing enough, but not linked up to and still less deriving from a single all-embracing thesis.

I am uneasily conscious that my irritation at my failure wholly to understand may have led me to be unfair to this formidable work. It is full of ideas, some of which are both fruitful and original, for example, the notion of the senses as "makers of intervals" between the organism and the object of which it is aware. Again, the explanation of the significance of a work of art in terms of a third order of experience "at once joyous and sad, balanced as if life and death were for a few moments held separate before the gaze," which views the thing as pure pattern rather than as thing, is ingenious and attractive, though Mr. Wauchope seems to be unaware of the exactitude with which both Plato and Schopenhauer have anticipated him.

The book closes with a long allegory which is beautifully written and can be read with pleasure by those who are baffled by the philosophy. It led me to wonder if Mr. Wauchope is a poet masquerading as a philosopher, the masquerade having taken in even Mr. Wauchope himself.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE NORWEGIAN

Ibsen's Dramatic Technique. By P. F. D. TENNANT. *Bowes and Bowes.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is a pity, it seems to me, that the author of this book didn't stick more closely to the theme which his title announces and avoid the "psychological" interpretations which abound in it. There is room for a book on Ibsen's technique and when, about a third of the way through, we reach the analysis, it has some interesting information to offer; though it is of the kind which students may find more helpful than laymen will. The author traces Ibsen's connection with the stage on the technical side, indicates his dramatic ancestors and then tries to piece out the way in which Ibsen developed a realistic convention from the various conventions he found his predecessors and contemporaries using. Some of Mr. Tennant's work here is a form of scholarship which I cannot pretend to find interesting, though it is so much practised that one must presume it to be useful to others. For instance, the fact that Ibsen stopped using the "aside" after 1885 (that is, before any of the early plays we now read, before *Love's Comedy*, *The Pretenders*, or *Peer Gynt*) is of a certain limited interest. But to draw a graph to represent this fact would seem to the layman a work of supererogation. Indeed, since it is drawn on a base of ten-year periods from 1845 to 1905 and the period 1850 to 1855 is the only one which records any asides at all, it is one of the blankest graphs I have ever seen.

To me the interesting part of this essay is the analysis of the growth of the realistic convention under Ibsen's hand, and this chiefly because it serves to remind us how artificial that convention is, a purely illusory device neither worse nor better in itself than the devices it superseded. The victory over the "aside" which Mr. Tennant

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ecords was only a tactical move in the cycle of hanging conventions. The "box set" and the real" furniture may give a greater illusion of reality"—but only of one kind of reality and perhaps not the most important at the moment. Clearly it is the business of our generation to weep away the dead tissue of realism and let something living grow in its place. In default of some vivifying genius to do it for us by example, the first thing may be to get clear in our minds exactly how artificial it is. In so far as Mr. Tennant helps us here his essay is welcome.

On the other hand, I cannot, echoing the blurb, recommend his book as an introduction for the general reader, on account of the amateur psychoanalysing which pervades the pages. Has analytic theory done anything more for literary criticism yet than provide new terms for certain rough divisions into certain rough types? Yet what amounts to little or nothing, once we have become habituated, as we are now only too thoroughly habituated, to the new grand names. The bewilderingly, bafflingly tangled skein Analysis undertakes to unravel cannot be even attempted unless we know a great deal more than we are ever likely to know about any figure of the past. Ibsen is a particularly bad person to begin on because he was so noticeably reticent about his private life and feelings. And it is philistinism—a total misunderstanding of how writers work—to take what their characters say as evidence against them. Mr. Tennant's pages are scattered with generalisations of the order of:

> It is astounding that his childhood should exercise such an influence over him as a grown man, but his life is a remarkable instance of a man's incapacity to grow up owing to early emotional reverses which are not overcome in later life.

or:

> It seems not improbable that Ibsen's personal approximation to type may have contributed to the tendency to abandon experiment and to standardise his technique.

or:

> Finally he took the course of irresponsibility and married Susannah Thoresen for whom he need enter no competition and whom he could satisfactorily identify with his mother.

And there are many variations on a heretical doctrine (which I have noticed elsewhere) that being an artist is "escaping from life." This seems to me awful nonsense. At the age of sixty, a married man and a father, Ibsen had produced a body of work which had brought him world fame (advertisers even used his austere name to puff their coffee, clothes and cigarettes). In what sense can such a man be called "escaping from life"? In what sense in which a sergeant-major, a riveter, or a football referee are not? Ibsen himself may have felt that he had missed something in not having friends and in not having made a passionate marriage. But the jovial clubman or the victim of a passionate marriage might well feel that they had missed something in not having written *Rosmersholm* or *The Master Builder*. One can't have everything; and everything one has is Life.

From his list of recommended books I am sorry to see that Mr. Tennant omits M. C. Bradbrook's *Ibsen The Norwegian* (*Chatto and Windus*) which is far the best introduction to Ibsen that I know of. Among other things Miss Bradbrook explains the cardinal importance of appreciating both the language and the local and geographical setting if we are to understand Ibsen. It is clear from her admirable book that those of us who are ignorant of his language have hard hardly more than a bare outline of the riches that are there. What is wanted now is a new translator; at the moment we act and read him in the grossest translationese. The fortuitous arrival, in one and the same person at one and the same time, of the gifts of a poet, a knowledge of Norwegian and a feeling for the theatre will do more to "explain" Ibsen to us than any amount of psychological probing.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE DANGER OF WORDS

The Pattern of Imperialism. By E. M. WINSLOW. Columbia University Press. *Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 21*s.*

A study of this book throws light on the recent correspondence in *The Times* initiated by Bernard Shaw. "Define your terms" is an excellent precept, whether the terms be political or otherwise. But the danger of words is so great that even if you begin by defining accurately what you mean by imperialism, the trees are so many and intermixed that you aren't by any means out of the wood. Mr. Winslow's book shows this. He makes a brave effort to define imperialism, to keep theory distinct from fact, and to examine all the different theories of the causes and effects of imperialism—a brave and not unintelligent effort, and yet pretty soon writer and reader are hopelessly lost in a jungle of words.

The dangers are many, but two are of paramount importance. First A defines imperialism as x and B defines it as y; x is not exactly the same as y, but very like it; at first A sees the distinction and admits that B has as much right to investigate the effects of y as he of x; but then he starts proving that B is wrong in thinking that y is caused by z or causes w, and his proof is really that x is not caused by z and does not cause w; and then before either he or the reader is fully aware of it A is implying that B ought to define imperialism as x and not y. When this happens—as Mr. Winslow's book shows—we are lost in the jungle, gaily writing and gloomily reading about words, not things or facts.

The second danger is even more dangerous, especially to Mr. Winslow. You take a word like imperialism and you define it quite clearly, and the word now stands for a highly complicated ganglion of facts. Mr. Winslow is concerned to investigate the theories of other people concerning the causes of this ganglion of facts. He sees, of course, that one school finds the cause in one thing, another in another, and a third in a third: there is the economic, the political, the ethical interpretation of imperialism. He then starts out to give an account of the various theories and to criticise them. In this part of the book there is much valuable stuff, but the usefulness of the book is marred by verbosity and repetition. And soon Mr. Winslow slides on his cascade of words into the second danger zone. He begins to argue whether the economic, the political, or the ethical interpretation is the right one. But there is no right one; there is no single cause for so complicated a phenomenon as imperialism, just as there is no panacea for all diseases because there is no single cause of all diseases. When Mr. Winslow "rejects," as in the end he does, the economic interpretation and plumps for the ethical, he is talking about words, not things or reality. In order to reject it, he has to split hairs over the meaning of the word economic, and to argue, in fact, that the Marxists ought to mean by "economic" something which they are not talking about. The Marxists are, indeed, wrong, not in their use of the word "economic," but in thinking that all imperialism is caused by economic causes. There is such a thing in certain times and places as economic imperialism and it is reasonable to call it so, because not all, but most of, the causes of the ganglion of facts which it so describes are economic; but some of the causes are, no doubt, political and some ethical. In other times and places the main causes of imperialism have been political or ethical rather than economic. Mr. Winslow "rejects the economic interpretation" of the Marxists mainly because, as he rightly sees,

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The Case of Mr. Crump is an important novel, how important may be judged from the fact that Thomas Mann has called it "a very great book," and Freud "an incomparable masterpiece." In my view, despite its masterly writing, its seriousness and power, it is neither. The most depressing and harrowing novel I have read for years, its interest seems to me almost wholly that of the medical psychologist's case-book, and the case in question is that of Mrs. Crump rather than her husband. We see her first, in a very brilliant opening chapter, as an old woman, physically dirty and sexually shameless, reminiscing and (as we later learn) lying about her ancestors and her previous marriage, in the presence of her husband, Herbert. He is her junior by twenty years. Mr. Lewisohn then traces the history of Herbert. He is a shy, sensitive, romantically minded youth, the son of a line of German-American musicians and himself a musician; indeed, he is to become the finest American composer of his day, though I do not think Mr. Lewisohn more successful than most novelists in convincingly portraying creative genius. Lonely in New York, Herbert is caught by Anne Crump on the rebound from an affair with a girl of his own age, and he is easily seduced by her. Since he has slept with her, he feels that he must necessarily love her; with no difficulty at all he is persuaded to take her part against her wretched husband. When he does see through her he tries to escape to his parents' home in Carolina, but it is too late, or, rather, he is too weak; she has had her divorce, descends upon his home, wins over his father, a man as unworldly as himself, and such moral and emotional pressure is brought to bear on him that he has to marry her, though by now he fully realises his terrible plight: to be married in his early twenties, at the outset of a precarious career, to an insanely jealous woman twenty years older than himself, a woman possessed of an inordinate sexual appetite, vulgar, a liar, stupid and corrupt in money matters, and the mother of three children, one almost his own age, another psychotic. On top of this he has to keep them.

It sounds too bad to be true, and, though such a situation is imaginable in real life, for the purposes of fiction I believe it is too bad to be true. In Anne Crump Mr. Lewisohn has created a monster who becomes the more monstrous the older she grows:

> She could never endure any slight to her naked sex esteem. Her power to command such esteem or to deserve it she never questioned. As a slovenly and withered woman of nearly sixty, beset by some of the ugliest infirmities of age, her ferocity in this matter was as unmeasured as it had been in the days of her youth . . . A harsh truculence of spirit, which she mistook for sturdy independence, made it impossible for her . . . to be on cordial terms with any woman she could not patronise, or any man who did not play with her the game of sexual admiration. Of wealth her envy was so bitter and profound that she instinctively and systematically insulted people who had money, without any regard for their human qualities, or even for their possible usefulness to herself.

Marriage to her means that a normal social life is impossible for Herbert; she persecutes his patrons with scenes and anonymous letters. Mr. Lewisohn builds her up with a loving disgust; I have rarely met a more fully documented character in fiction; she is almost too well documented: I do not wish to read any more descriptions of piles for some considerable time. Why doesn't Herbert leave her? Mr. Lewisohn always has his answer: circumstances, his career, the divorce laws, the state of public opinion, and so on. The truth is, Mr. Lewisohn has attempted tragedy. Herbert struggles in vain against a doom: "Miserable, undignified modern that he was, in breeches, leather belt and Arrow collar, he was as truly being driven by the gods, the dark uncontrollable forces, as that King Œdipus of old." Perhaps, though I doubt it, a sado-masochistic relationship could be raised to the tragic level; but Mr. Lewisohn fails to do so, for reasons given by Flaubert to George Sand when she suggested he should write a novel about the ideal artist:

> He would be a monster. Art is not made to paint exceptions . . . The first comer is more interesting than Monsieur Gustave Flaubert, because he is more *general* and therefore more typical.

What Mr. Lewisohn has portrayed is the ideal female psychopath; she is so far removed from the general and the typical that her proper place is in the case-history, not the novel.

M. Giono's *Blue Boy* has taken sixteen years to achieve English publication. Written in autobiographical form, it describes a boy's life in South-east France until the first world war. It is scarcely possible to write of M. Giono without using the word "pagan"; he is a D. H. Lawrence without the Nonconformist and industrial background, and, therefore, to me, less valuable:

> If one has the humility to call upon one's instinct, upon the elemental, there is in sensuousness a kind of cosmic joy.

M. Giono is at his best when he identifies himself with this cosmic joy, when he describes the seasonal cycle of country life in his highly rhythmical, lyrical prose; the middle parts of *Blue Boy* might be a hymn to Demeter. But he is not interested in people apart from their relation to the soil, and his town characters in this book, the boy's father and the laundress Antonine excepted, seem to me curiously flat. What is valuable is his direct sensuous apprehension of physical nature, the growth of animals and plants, the movement of sap, the almost chemical effect of extremes of heat on countryside and human beings alike. Like Lawrence, he has deduced from his temperament a vision of Utopia, "Remember," one of the characters in *Blue Boy* remarks, "all of man's happiness is in the little valleys. Tiny little valleys. Small enough to call from one side to the other." From which follows his pacifism, in reality an intense but tiny local patriotism.

That Winter is a first novel from America, where it has, rightly, been highly praised. Its author has been compared with "the young Hemingway and the young Dos Passos"; to my mind, Mr. Miller is much more closely akin to the young Scott Fitzgerald and the young O'Hara. His novel, behind which is that angry bewilderment at innocence betrayed which is one of modern America's most engaging characteristics, is an account of the lives of three young ex-soldiers during their first year in New York after demobilisation. One, a war-shattered playboy son of a millionaire, who has found in war the only fulfilment for his talents that he has known, commits suicide. The second attempts to dodge his

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racial problems by changing his name and becoming engaged to a Gentile girl, fails, and goes back to Los Angeles and his family to become a good Jew. The narrator is a young novelist working on a national news-magazine, the description of which is both fascinating and horrifying. In such ways, it seems, young American novelists sell their souls to the devil. But he breaks away from corruption and the subtle perversion of news to write his novel, a novel, no doubt, very much like *That Winter*. The novel is a most vivid picture of life in New York, and is admirably written in a style of bitter, witty disillusion.

Halcyon and *The Servant* are both long-short stories, the former, well translated by Agnes MacKay and charmingly produced, a memorable work. It is difficult to describe, because it depends so much on the overtones of the allusive, delicate prose in which it is written; you could as easily and successfully epitomise a lyric poem. An ex-reformatory boy runs away from the farm where he has been sent to work to a small island off the Mediterranean coast. This deserted island has, in the past, been the scene of a revolt at another boys' reformatory; and the single inhabitant is an old ex-warder who is obsessed by having shot one of the escaping boys. The relation between the two is most subtly conveyed. The theme of the story is at once the old man's search for the boy he killed and Fabian's quest for his own identity. *The Servant* has somewhat the air of a period-piece, though the period is the present. "He is famous and he is dead": so it was recently written of "the man of the world" in fiction. Well, here he is again in the work of another Maugham, with his little house in Oakley Street, looked after by a faithful char, telling the story of his friend Tony, who lives in *his* little house looked after by an altogether too faithful and efficient gentleman's gentleman. It is a study in corruption, corruption by comfort, for all Tony's fleshly desires are pandered to. It almost comes off.

WALTER ALLEN

SIENESE PAINTINGS

Sienese Quattrocento Paintings. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Phaidon Press.* 20*s.*

In the new Phaidon volume devoted to Sienese Quattrocento painting, Mr. Pope-Hennessy introduces to a wide public an aspect of Italian art either ignored or misunderstood by early historians, and surprisingly ill-served by more recent criticism. As author of the standard works on Sassetta and Giovanni di Paolo, Mr. Pope-Hennessy has unique qualifications for his task. It follows that his *Introduction to Sienese Quattrocento Paintings* should be both scholarly and suggestive, and his anthology of reproductions compelling in the variety of its appeal.

As Mr. Pope-Hennessy clearly shows, Sienese painting remained so independent of outside influence that Domenico di Bartolo's Masacciesque frescoes and Matteo di Giovanni's passionate, almost Florentine Crucifixion show up as striking deviations from its natural course. Politically and spiritually Siena was hostile to innovation. An autocratic, oligarchical government encouraged in its artists the essentially aristocratic style of the International Gothic; while it was natural for artists working at the centre of Italian mysticism, the home of St. Catherine and St. Bernard, to concern themselves less with the husk than with the spirit of the world they drew. How far these influences overlapped may be gauged from a comparison of Benvenuto di Giovanni's Adoration (c. 1490), now at Washington, with Gentile da Fabriano's Uffizi altar-piece, completed nearly seventy years before. Benvenuto's posturing Magi and their glittering Oriental retinue, though less distinguished, have all the intricate elegance of their Veronese ancestors.

Indeed, these complementary influences, far from hampering the painters of Siena, allowed them a remarkable freedom of expression. Some, like Sassetta, created a race of rapt, contemplative figures, whose grave forms, clothed most often in draperies of columnar regularity, find an exact parallel in the deities of Buddhist sculpture. Others, like Giovanni di Paolo, invented worlds as personal, as capricious, and sometimes as tempting as Paul Klee's. What could surpass the delicate fantasy of his St. John the Baptist Entering the Wilderness, in which the landscape, laid out like a chess-board, is depicted not from the artist's but from the Saint's angle of vision? But perhaps more seductive than any is the romance world conceived by Neroccio and Francesco di Giorgio. Here divine and legendary, altar-piece and marriage-salver, alike became themes for an ethereal and haunting fantasy. Essentially artificial, their graceful periphrases proceed from that current of sensibility of which Peele's poems and Sidney's Arcadia may be considered the final expression; and Mr. Pope-Hennessy goes far towards explaining their magic when he compares Neroccio's Portrait of a Girl (characteristically, she is featured like his madonnas), to Aeneas Sylvius's description of Lucretia:

> Her hair was long, the colour of beaten gold. . . . Her lofty forehead of good proportions and without a wrinkle, and her arched eyebrows were dark and slender with a due space between. . . . I think Helen was not more fair on that day when Menelaus received Paris at his feast, nor was Andromache more richly adorned when joined in wedlock with Hector.

It seems ungrateful, when Mr. Pope-Hennessy has given us the key to so rich a treasure-house, to carp at certain of his pronouncements. But since some of his readers are bound to make his illustrations the basis for their conception of certain artists' styles, it is only fair to point out that the pictures reproduced in Figs. 6, 8 and 17 and in Plates 4, 5 and 46, even if by the artists claimed for them, are certainly not typical examples, and that the pictures reproduced in plates 6, 7 and 8 have, since the preparation of this book, been convincingly ascribed, not to Sassetta, but to an independent personality. But these are only trivial objections to a book that in other respects must be valued as one of the most beautiful and rewarding of its kind published in recent years.

DAVID CARRITT

The English Theatre. By J. C. TREWIN. *Paul Elek.* 6*s.*

This little book consists of a sketch of the plays and playwrights of the last quarter of a century and is designed as a short guide to the contemporary theatrical repertoire. Criticism is only incidental and is confined to a series of sharp descriptive phrases that string the history together. These are necessarily in the form of snap judgments; and it is not surprising, in the headlong rush, if the author is sometimes unjust. Pirandello, for instance, is hardly recognisable as "a cerebral dramatist with a habit of discussing abstract forms and for ever speculating about reality . . . ." On the other hand, "Mr. Coward tapping out his dialogue in a witty morse," or Mr. Lonsdale's "Earl-and-girl comedies" are apt and witty descriptions. One gets a little tired of the incessant use of quotation and allusion, often in the form of puns, but certainly this produces a measure of brightness in what might have otherwise been a mere piece of list-making. One major complaint—against the type. This is of that eye-trying size that we hoped to have seen the last of with the end of the war.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 975

Set by Richard Lister

Some months ago (March 27th) in a Books in General, Mr. Raymond Mortimer reminded us how William Barnes tried to reform the English language by admitting only words of Saxon-English origin. Where there was no "Teutonic" word to express his meaning he invented; some examples of his invention were sky-sill for horizon, glee-craft for music, wort-lore for botany, hearsomeness for obedience, somely for plural, folkwain for omnibus. Competitors are invited to write the opening paragraphs of a novel set in present-day London in reformed English of this kind. A glossary of invented Teutonic words should be included. Limit 150 words. Entries by Nov. 2nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 972

Set by Audrey Hilton

In Mrs. Beeton's Australian Cookery section there is a recipe for "Groper, head and shoulders, boiled." The recipe ends: "great care should be taken of the immense gelatinous lips, as these are considered the best part." The usual prizes are offered for other recipes of 100 words or less, real or imaginary, with an equally appalling dénouement.

Report by Audrey Hilton

Recovering, on a diet of toast and tonic water, I admit that I asked for a dish of horrors. I hoped for a delicate shock, an agreeable shiver, and I did expect a little Grand Guignol in the batch, a witch's brew here and there, a cannibal or two, even. But not quite, not *quite* . . . . . .

A number of people sent in Mrs. Beeton's directions for the cooking of calf's head, and indeed for brisk ghoulishness they are hard to equal. John Grant's variation of this recipe ". . . . . cut the ear into a fringe with a pair of scissors," had a horrid charm—and came from "Warne's Everyday Cookery." Jay's "Flack, boiled" with its ". . thick bluish oozes . ." was one of the quotable shockers, with Robert Gaffikin's "South Sea Cookery . . . . . clasp the hands together holding the yam, and roast . . . . ," Beda's equivocal "Polipi Marine" and Mrs. D. S. Walker's "Camelopard en Casserole . . . a useful dish when on safari . . . . . Skin carefully and blanch, to remove all sign of spots."

Several competitors sent in old, authentic recipes. J Mullen's 15th-century "Crustade Ryal" which ended ". . . and whan yt arysith, it is y-now . . . ." was delicious (in a literary way), and I liked also R. Nelson's medicament "Herring Mummy. . . . bury in a vessel for six months . . . ." and Joan H. Taylor's "To Rooft a Pig . . . . . few it up, fpit it . . . . flour it all over very thick and continue to do fo till the eyes begin to ftart . . . ." Among several fantasies, I liked H. Forsyth's "Snark Rôti . . . . . Truss as you would a vegetable marrow. Garnish, varnish, and place in a fierce oven (Regulo 73)," Carmel Flynn's "Take twelve small urchins . . . , serve with writs . . ."

I recommend that prizes of two guineas each should go to M. Trench's "Bêche-de-mer" for perfect timing, and L. G. Udall's "Grilled Gorilla's Foot" for its lovely mad detail. Prizes of 10s. 6d. each to Allan M. Laing, Penn Paterson, B. O. White and Dr. C. Ounsted.

BÊCHE-DE-MER (SEA-SLUG)

This dish is considered a great delicacy by Oriental peoples.

After thoroughly scalding, boil the meat in strong vinegar and water, with a bouquet of herbs. When quite tender, lift the bêche-de-mer on to a hot dish and pour over it a garlic sauce made with some of the liquor taken previously from the saucepan.

It is recommended that each portion be served with a garnish of thinly sliced lemon, the juice of which is a valuable corrective to slime. M. TRENCH

GRILLED GORILLA'S FOOT

One foot will suffice for each person.

First shave the upper part of the foot and wash in warm water. With a gimlet (for preference as the skin is very hard) bore a number of holes through the thick skin of the under part of the foot. Grease liberally with lard. Grill slowly for about twenty minutes with the under surface *downwards*. Then turn the foot over and continue to grill steadily. From time to time place a fork on the foot. When it is quite done it will be found that the toes will curl up firmly over the fork, so that it can be lifted up and put on a hot plate. Leave the fork in the toes and serve immediately. L. G. UDALL

CHINESE MICE (A GENUINE DISH)

Take twelve mice, newly-born, wash thoroughly and dispose in symmetrical pattern round a dish of golden syrup or Californian molasses. No knives or forks are required to eat this Chinese delicacy. The charming morsels are lifted by the tails and swallowed whole, like oysters. ALLAN M. LAING

BOILED BEAR PAWS (A GREAT CANADIAN DELICACY)

First catch your bear. Into a large pot of boiling water (to which potatoes, onions, tomatoes and sage have already been added) drop the trimmed paws one by one.

Cook for an hour, add salt and pepper and serve piping hot. Do not throw away the nails (they will have boiled loose), for when painted in red *or* green they will add a decorative touch to the main dish.

PENN PATERSON

BAKED MANDEMOIN

Ingredients:—
1 mandemoin
1 cup breadcrumbs
Parsley
Salt
1 egg
Thyme
Pepper

Take a fresh mandemoin, the best weight being between eight and ten ozs, fillet, and stuff. To make the stuffing, stalk the thyme and mix in a basin with the chopped parsley, the breadcrumbs, and pepper and salt to taste. Blend with beaten egg to a pliable mass. Tie and skewer to prevent the stuffing from spilling, and bake the whole in a moderate oven for 50 minutes.

To give a more lifelike appearance to the dish, remove the gnarled yellow finger nails before cooking, polish them and replace before serving.

B. O. WHITE

ARABIAN LAMB

This dish is suitable for ceremonial or alfresco banquets.

Take a lamb that is fattened on milk and kill it. Skin and eviscerate. Pierce the carcass with a stake, which may conveniently be passed between the thighs to the throat. Roast over a slow wood fire, turning upon the spit.

Before serving, brighten the eyes (toothsome morsels) with vinegar and leave in place. They may then be extracted with a forefinger by the guest of honour. CHRISTOPHER OUNSTED

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B.B.C. Invites applics. for Sub-Editors in News Division. Candidates should have good education and all-round sub-editorial qualities, and should be accustomed to handling tapes. A feature of the work is necessity to condense accurately news of all kinds for short factual bulletins. Work involves day and night duty shifts. Starting sal. £610 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 max. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "News, N. Stm.," by Oct. 30. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

NATAL Univ. College (shortly to become the University of Natal), Pietermaritzburg and Durban. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in the Dept. of Geography. Whether successful candidate will be resident in Durban or Pietermaritzburg will depend upon how his special qualifics. fit in with those of existing staff. Applicants should possess at least an Hons. Degree in Geography. Sal. scale: Men, £550×£25—£725; women, £425×£25—£600. Cost of living allowance, at present amounting to £176 p.a. for married man and £50 p.a. for single person, is paid in addition. Initial sal. will be determined in accordance with qualifics. and exp. of successful applicant. Appointment will be in the first place for a probationary period of two years. Successful applicant must commence duties as early as possible in 1949. Membership of the Univ. Teachers' Provident Fund is compulsory. Further partics. and information as to method of applic. may be obtained from Secy., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 32 Woburn Sq. W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 30, 1948.

ROYAL Navy. The new scheme for the recruitment of Naval Air Pilots and Observers provides for candidates to be entered as Naval Cadets, to be promoted to Midshipmen after 6 mths., and to Sub-Lieut. after about 2 years' total training. Promotion to Lieut. will follow, the period depending on results obtained in courses. They will be reqd. to serve 8 yrs. on the Active List followed by 7 years on Emergency List. There will be opportunities for transfer to permanent commissions. Officers leaving the Active List after completing 8 years' service will be eligible for a gratuity of £700 (free of tax). Entries will be made 4 times a year in Jan., April, July, and Oct. Intending applicants must: (a) be between the ages of 17 yrs. 8 mths. and 20 yrs.; (b) be in possession of a School Cert. or its equivalent, with credits in maths. and science; (c) be physically fit for full flying duties. Full details and applic. form supplied on applic. to Secretary of Admiralty (C.W. Branch 521). Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1.

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UNIV. College of the Gold Coast. Private Secretary to Principal. Applics. invited for above post from women graduates with secretarial qualifics. and relevant exp. Sal. will be approx. £450 with £150 expatriation allowance. Partly furn. quarters will be provided at rental of not more than 10% of sal. Free passages on appointment and on annual leave. Successful candidate will be reqd. to take up her duties as soon as possible. Applics., with full partics. of qualifics. and names of three refs., should be addressed to Secy., Inter-University Council for Higher Education in Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1. Closing date Oct. 31.

WINDERMERE Grammar School. Reqd. for Jan., 1949, or before, if possible, master to teach General Form Subjects to Lower and Middle School Forms. Interest in out-of-school activities essential. The school has a non-selective entry and as such offers a unique opportunity to a man interested in education and prepared to experiment with modern teaching methods. Post is resident. Burnham Scale. Apply to the Headmaster.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

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SOCIAL Worker. Applics. are invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as Assistant to a local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in the Public Health Dept. The duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. A social science qualification, knowl. of typewriting and clerical work and some previous exp. of social work, is desirable. Sal. £375, rising to £500 a year. Form of applic. from Medical Officer (D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, to be returned by Nov. 6. (2012.)

KENT Educ. Cttee. Wanted in Jan., Tutor (woman), to take charge of full-time course of training for House Mothers and House Fathers in Children's Residential Homes. Course which will be held in conjunction with the Central Training Council in Child Care, will take place at Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup. Sal. £450 to £600 according to qualifics. For further particulars and applic. forms apply to County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone.

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JEWISH Board of Guardians. Reqd., a Matron of Tudor House Residential Open-Air Home and School for Delicate Children, Grayshott, Hindhead, Surrey. 64 children between the ages of 4 and 11. A State-Registered Nurse will be preferred, but others with good exp. in Children's Homes will be considered. Applicants should have a knowl. of catering, incl. Food Office Returns and engagement and control of staff. Sal. in accordance with Rushcliffe Scale with full residential emoluments. Applics., stating full partics., with copies of testimonials (if any in possession), should be sent in writing to Secy., 127 Middlesex St. Bishopsgate, E.1, before Nov. 8.

PORTSMOUTH Educ. Ctee. Portsmouth Training College. Principal: Miss D. Dymond, M.A. Wanted in Jan., Catering Matron to work under Warden of Foster Hall of Residence (100 students). For further partics. and forms apply to Registrar, Municipal College, Portsmouth.

OLD People's Hostel. Capable expd. sympathetic Matron-Housekeeper wanted for hostel in Liverpool for 34 elderly (not invalid) men and women. Sal. according to qualifics. Apply, Secretary, Old People's Hostels Assoc., 34 Stanley St. Liverpool, 1.

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DENTAL Surgeon, Harley Street, reqs. intelligent Secretary-Assistant, pleasant appearance, exp. not essential, able to type, shorthand an advantage. Box 6062.

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YOUNG Lady recently graduated Lausanne University holding certificate Modern French and Teaching Diploma for same, seeks whole or part-time assignment as Teacher or Reader Translator in pubg. office. Box 5806.

EDUC. Cult. Germ. Lady (33), good cook and effic. house-keeper, Eng. speaking, residing in Germany, wants position in good Eng. fam. Good refs. from Engl. families. Box 5772.

MARRIED couple (60's) having country guest-house past 20 yrs., req. congenial post; less strenuous. Gd. cooking, gardening, drive car, etc. Cottage appreciated, suggestions welcomed. Box 5834.

ADAPTABLE balanced woman (40), int. in people, social welfare, communal living, adult education, nutrition, Biology, books, music, reqs. respons. post, London. Some academic training. No business exp. Box 5855.

EXPD. Private Secretary seeks interesting post, preferably with M.P., Author or Actor. Excellent testimonials. Box 5910.

B.Sc. (Econ.) Hons., Lond., 24, intelligent, specialised Govt., sks. post which would use this knowl. if possible. Mental Health up to cert. standard. French, Italian. Box 5835.

Appointments Wanted—continued

MAN (23), Pitman trained, reqs. int. prog. secretarial post, London. Box 5817.

YOUNG woman, 3 yrs. studying architecture, no exp., wide ints., films, books, etc., sks. intg. work. Anything, anywhere, considered. Box 5902.

NO salary required by expert Secretary offering part-time services in return for good home in or near London. Box 5903.

WOMAN with secretarial training and exp., sks. work where academic, political or literary interests wd. be asset. Box 5921.

YOUNG woman, expd. editing, fluent German, French, Dutch, Russian, sks. interesting post. Box 5922.

Schools

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

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